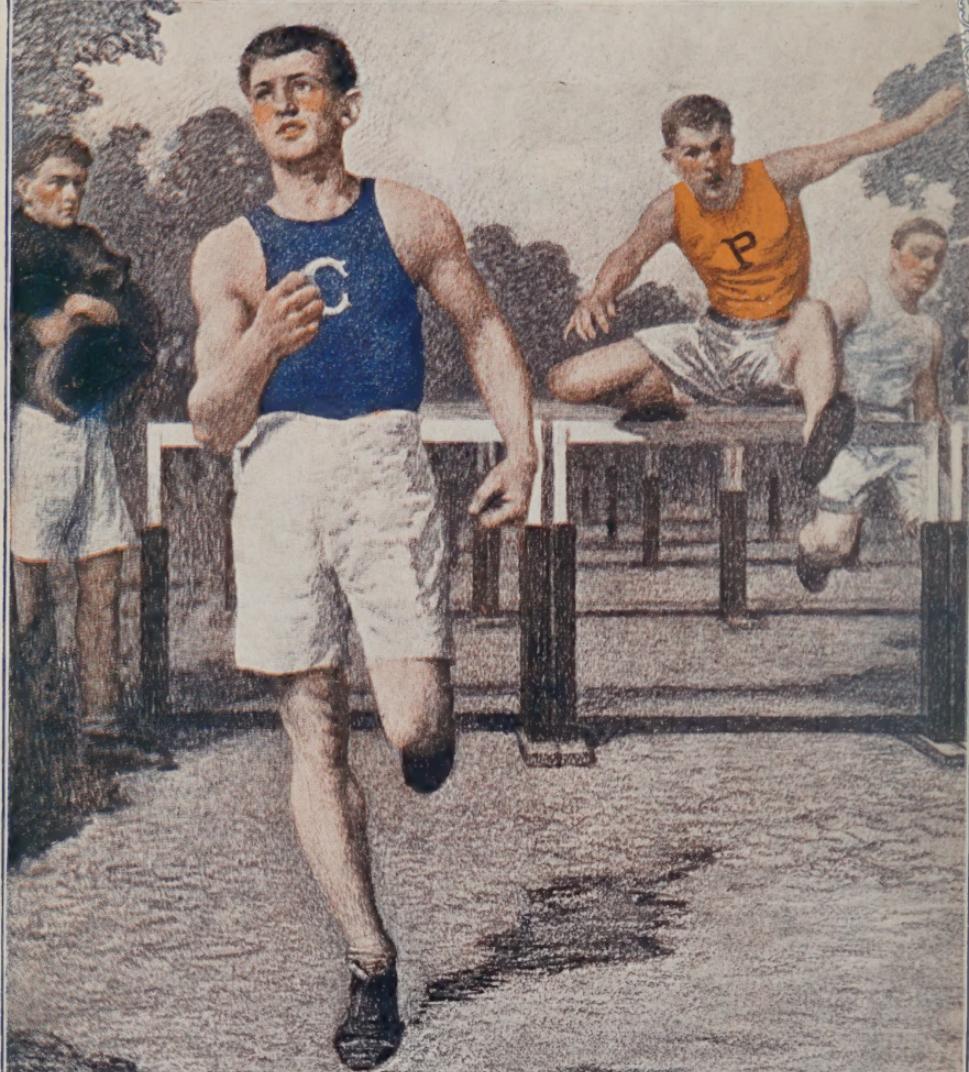


GRANNIS OF THE FIFTH



ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

GRANNIS OF THE FIFTH



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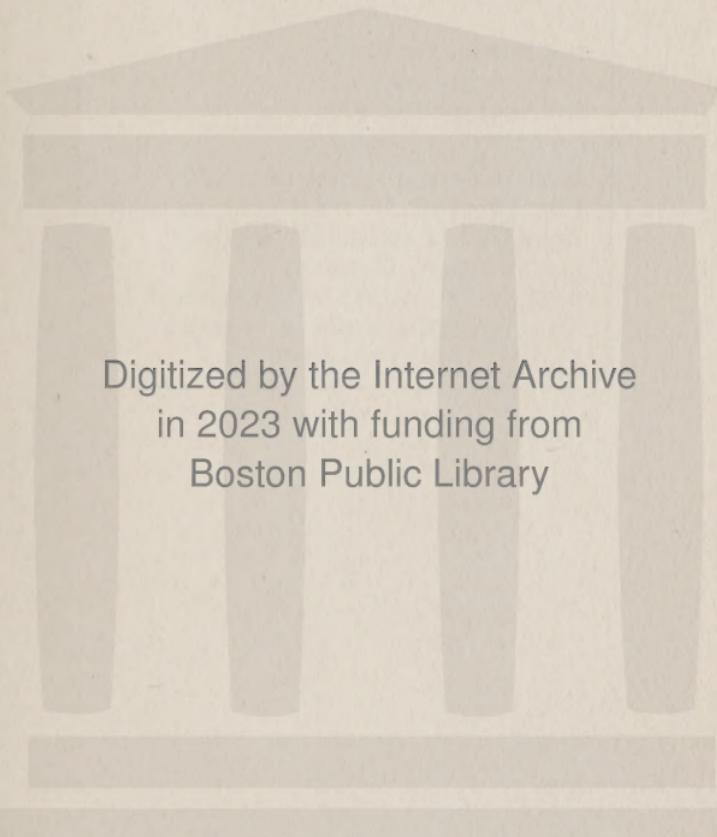
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By Arthur Stanwood Pier

THE WOMEN WE MARRY.
THE ANCIENT GRUDGE.
THE YOUNG IN HEART.

Juvenile

GRANNIS OF THE FIFTH. Illustrated.
THE JESTER OF ST. TIMOTHY'S. Illustrated.
THE CRASHAW BROTHERS. Illustrated.
THE NEW BOY. Illustrated.
HARDING OF ST. TIMOTHY'S. Illustrated.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

GRANNIS OF THE FIFTH



“IT’S A ROAST”

GRANNIS OF THE FIFTH

A Story of St. Timothy's

BY

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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1914

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Acknowledgment is due to the “Youth’s Companion,” in which a part of this story appeared under the title of “His Father’s Son,” for permission to reproduce the illustrations.

GRANNIS OF THE FIFTH

CHAPTER I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

It was the 14th of September, the day before the opening of the autumn term at St. Timothy's School. The morning train from New York had just arrived; the station platform was crowded; excited family groups hastened this way and that, in search of baggage or carriages; pink-faced boys of twelve and smartly dressed youths of sixteen were walking beside their parents — for all the boys arriving on this day were new to St. Timothy's, and few of them were making this first journey unaccompanied.

There was one, however, Alfred Grannis by name, who was not only alone, but lonely. He was one of the older boys, tall and slim, with gray eyes and sensitive lips; he was in black, and wore a mourning-band on his hat. The somberness of his clothes accented the wistfulness in his eyes as he glanced about at the eager

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family groups — heard a father exclaiming, "Come along now, Bill!" and a mother sighing, "Dear me, Charley, I'm sorry to get to the end of this journey!" The pang that was always in his heart in these days sprang into more painful life when he heard the words and saw the actions that showed an affectionate companionship between parents and their boys. Small twins flanking their mother and clinging each to an arm, while their father marched in front, passed by; Grannis followed them with his eyes, swallowed hard — and then suddenly turned and went to look for a carriage.

"Hotel or school?" asked the driver.

"School," said Grannis.

It was a pleasant, warm September morning; the sun was shining down through the elms that arched the streets of the clean New England town; the leaves were green, the salvias and dahlias were in bloom in the gardens, and clusters of red barberries hung in the hedge-rows. Sitting lonely on the rear seat of the open carriage, Grannis looked about him and thought how joyous, how exciting his arrival at St. Timothy's on such a day as this might have been.

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It was a good horse behind which he was driving, and at the top of the second hill after leaving the town, he passed a carriage that contained three persons whom he had seen in the train. They were obviously husband and wife and son; the man was tall, big, red-faced, and flashily dressed; a diamond pin sparkled in his necktie. He directed a glance of annoyance at Grannis's driver and then at Grannis; he was clearly one of those men who do not like to be passed on the road. His wife, a large, expensive-looking woman, seemed better natured, and sat beaming pride and affection at the youth on the opposite seat of the victoria. He had, like his father, a large, red, confident face — large blue eyes, a large nose, and a large chin. Lounging in the seat, he accepted the homage of his mother's gaze complacently. While Grannis was passing, he turned his eyes on him in a stare of curiosity.

Grannis wondered what sort of fellow he was, and decided that he might be conceited. He did not think about him long, for soon the driver pointed out the towers of St. Timothy's, showing among the trees beyond a valley; and from that time until they drew up in front of

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the gabled red brick building known as the Study, Grannis sat forward and looked about in eager expectancy.

The driver, who had ushered many a new boy into St. Timothy's, pointed with his whip to a second-story window.

"You go up one flight, turn to the left, and you'll find Dr. Davenport in there," he said. "He'll tell you what building you're to live in."

Grannis crossed the gravel court and mounted the stairs. Upon the screen door of Dr. Davenport's office was hung a sign, "Walk In." Obeying the injunction, Grannis found himself in a comfortable study, with many shelves of books, a desk, and a number of straight-backed chairs. The room was unoccupied, but through the open door into an adjoining room Grannis saw a stout, middle-aged clergyman, who glanced out and nodded to him in a friendly way. The clergyman had a ruddy face, gray hair, and a gray mustache; he was talking to some people whom Grannis could not see, but who were evidently a father and mother placing their young son in the school. Grannis sat down and waited, and

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presently he heard the sound of slow ascending footsteps on the stairs.

In a few moments the trio whom he had passed on the road made their entrance — the father of the family first. He gazed round, looked into the inner room, and then, with another distinct glance of annoyance at Grannis, sat down and pulled out his watch. His wife and son seated themselves beside him, and they all concentrated their eyes on Grannis — with no intent to embarrass him, and with no special interest in his presence, but simply because he was the most obvious object in the room on which to fix their attention. Grannis employed himself under this observation in revolving slowly a large globe that was at hand, and in feeling the smooth oceans and the rough mountain ranges. After a little while the father of the family began to snap the cover of his watch impatiently.

Presently Dr. Davenport ushered his other visitors out of his office and bade them good-bye. No sooner had he finished with them than the big man was on his feet.

“Dr. Davenport?” he began, and made as if to accompany the rector into the inner room.

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Dr. Davenport said, "In just one moment, please; you'll excuse me for just one moment." And then he turned to Grannis, and said, kindly, "I think you were waiting to see me next?"

Grannis stood up. "Yes, sir, but I'm in no hurry. I don't mind waiting. After you, sir."

The last words he addressed to the man whom Dr. Davenport had left discomfited and frowning, and who now took prompt advantage of this courtesy.

"I am Mr. Todd, Dr. Davenport,—Mrs. Todd,—my son, Daniel, about whom we have had some correspondence."

The rector shook hands with each member of the family, and escorted them into the inner office. There Mr. Todd discoursed so loudly about his son Daniel that Grannis, as well as the rector, was soon acquainted with the youth's merits and attainments. He was no great scholar, but he had a good level head on his shoulders, sound common sense, which was better than book-learning for most purposes; he was a chip of the old block. Some day he would be the head of the biggest glass plant in eastern Ohio.

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“I employ twenty-five hundred men,” Mr. Todd informed the rector, and, incidentally, Grannis. “Daniel’s the only son, and will inherit the business. Naturally, I want him to have a gentleman’s education. If he’s treated right, I shall be disposed to do something handsome by the school.”

“Of course we give no boy special privileges,” replied the rector, quickly. “Every boy who enters must conform to the discipline.”

“I understand, I understand.” Mr. Todd’s voice was sonorously tolerant. “But this restriction that you have on automobiles — my boy Daniel has two machines, a big touring-car and a runabout, and there’s no better operator in the State of Ohio. To my mind, it’s an excellent thing for a boy to run a machine — teaches him self-reliance and gets him interested in mechanics; and I should be glad if you’d make an exception, therefore, in my boy Daniel’s case, and let him have his runabout, at least.”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Todd; it’s out of the question. No special privileges for any boy. We have a machine-shop here, if Daniel is interested in mechanics; and self-reliance is a thing

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that he can learn in other ways — if he has not already acquired it, as I suspect.” The rector took the edge off his refusal with a genial laugh.

“I don’t mind about the automobile,” said Daniel, speaking for himself for the first time, and in a curiously gruff voice. “But what I want to know is, what are my chances for playing football?”

The rector laughed again. “They’ll have to be tested on the field,” he said.

“The point is,” explained Mr. Todd, seriously, “my boy Daniel is a remarkable football-player. But I don’t know that, being a newcomer here, he’ll be given much of a show. Now I’d like to have it understood that if he plays on the team it will be worth while for the athletics of this school. I’ll do something for ’em.”

“That’s generous of you,” remarked the rector. “I am not one of the authorities on football. But I have no doubt that Daniel will be given every chance to show what he can do. Now I have reserved a place for him at the Upper School, — he seems likely to enter the fifth form, — and if you will go over there, Mr. Randolph, who is the master in charge, will

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show you his quarters. Good-bye, Mrs. Todd; I'm very glad to have met you. Daniel, you and I will see more of each other."

The interview was clearly at an end; Mrs. Todd and Daniel emerged, but Mr. Todd still detained the rector in the other room to say something — presumably of a financial nature — in a lower tone. Mrs. Todd smiled at Grannis, and came over to him.

"You're a well-brought-up, nice-mannered boy," she said, "to let us go in ahead of you. Mr. Todd's such an impatient man — always in a rush. I hope you and Daniel will be friends."

"I hope so. My name's Alfred Grannis."

"And you're a new boy here, too?"

"Yes."

"And you've come all by yourself!" Mrs. Todd looked at him with sympathetic, understanding eyes, and he braced himself to meet some painful questioning. But it did not come, and he liked her for sparing him. "We live in Ohio," said Mrs. Todd. "Do you live as far away as that?"

"Farther; Wisconsin."

"What a long trip for you to make all by

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yourself! When you go back, you must have Daniel keep you company as far as Ohio. I hope you boys will like it here."

"I'm sure we shall," declared Grannis.

"I ain't," said Daniel.

"Now, Daniel, don't say that." His mother looked unhappy. "Of course you're going to like it."

Daniel thrust out his naturally too protrusive lower lip and spun Dr. Davenport's large globe with his blunt fingers. His mother, after gazing at him with affection and apprehension, touched Grannis's arm and drew him aside, while her son continued to spin the globe.

"He's always been a home boy," she whispered to him. "That's why he feels so. Do help him all you can."

Grannis promised, although he felt that Mrs. Todd had somehow misconceived the nature of her offspring. At that moment Mr. Todd appeared, watch in hand, and after bidding the rector farewell, hastily led his family away.

Dr. Davenport came over to Grannis and took his hand, and the boy, looking into the rector's keen and friendly blue eyes, felt that he was in the presence of one who might

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sometimes be stern, but who would always be just.

“I think I can guess who you are,” said Dr. Davenport. “You’re Alfred Grannis — yes, I was sure of it. My boy, I came as rector to St. Timothy’s after your father’s time. There is still one of the masters here who knew him — Mr. Dean. You will find memorials of him on every hand — in the schoolroom, in the athletic house, in the Library. I hope you will love the school first for your father’s sake, and then for its own.”

“Yes, sir. My father loved it. He — he was looking forward to coming on here with me.” Grannis’s voice choked for an instant, and then he went bravely on: “That was a nice letter you wrote me, Dr. Davenport.”

“Your father and mother came here on their wedding trip,” said Dr. Davenport. “That was during my first year as rector. I liked them very much; I have always remembered them. I’m very glad to meet their son.” He laid his hand on Grannis’s shoulder. “You’re going into the fifth form, I believe; that, I know, was your father’s idea.”

“I think I’m qualified for it.”

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“Good. I have reserved a room for you at the Upper School; in fact,”—he consulted a schedule,—“it’s next to the room allotted to young Todd, who was here just now. You and he”—Dr. Davenport’s eyes twinkled—“can help each other to get started right, and if ever anything troubles you, come to me.”

The Upper School crowned the little hill, at the foot of which were the Study and the Chapel. It was a large and handsome brick dormitory, built round three sides of a square; in the center of the court was a bit of lawn, partly inclosed in shrubbery. Driving up to the entrance, Grannis had a survey of the school; the Chapel tower and the Study roof showed above the maples of the road; nearer at hand was the Lower School, a red brick building of the Georgian type; it stood near the margin of a little pond, the farther shore of which was bordered by a forest of tall pines. Roofs of other buildings rose here and there among the trees; maples and elms were planted close along the roads, and thick woods covered the neighboring hills.

“I’ll leave your trunk at the back door; it will be taken up to your room,” said the driver;

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so Grannis paid him, climbed the steps, and entered the dormitory hall. It was large and high-studded, with a tiled floor and an enormous brick fireplace; on one side of the fireplace was a high-backed oak settle, and a bald young man sat there, reading a book. He rose and came forward to meet Grannis; he was a stout, rubicund person, and he had a merry eye.

“Welcome, stranger!” was his greeting.
“And who may you be?”

Grannis introduced himself.

“Oh, yes, we’ve been expecting you,” said the master. “I’m Mr. Randolph; I have charge of this dormitory. I’m glad to see you, Grannis. We’re always glad to see the sons of alumni. We have a feeling that they’ll be less trouble than fellows without traditions. But you can’t always tell. We’ll watch you, just the same.”

Talking thus briskly, with many little side-wise glances and nods of the head, Mr. Randolph took Grannis up one flight of stairs, and led the way along a corridor.

“Your next-door neighbor arrived a few moments ago — named Todd. He’s unpacking now; would you like to meet him?”

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“I have met him,” said Grannis — “in Dr. Davenport’s study.”

At that moment a door down the corridor opened, and a sound of kissing and sobbing issued forth. It was followed by the words, in a woman’s voice, “Good-bye, Daniel, dear! You’ll write often, won’t you?” Then Mr. Todd emerged into the corridor, and after him Mrs. Todd, with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes. They both hurried past the master and the boy without speaking. Mr. Todd’s face was working with emotion, and his wife was clinging to him blindly, with her eyes still hidden in her handkerchief.

A moment later Grannis glanced through Todd’s open door, and saw him, coatless and collarless, digging into the bowels of a huge trunk; garments were already strewn on the bed. Todd glanced up, and seeing the passers-by, nodded. Mr. Randolph paused, and Grannis with him.

“You don’t waste much time, do you, Todd?” said Mr. Randolph.

“If the old man had n’t been in such a rush, my mother would have helped me put away this junk,” Todd replied.



“THAT'S A MIGHTY GOOD TENNIS-BAT, TODD”

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He took a tennis-racket out of its case, swung it, and laid it on the bed.

“May I see it?” Mr. Randolph stepped inside, picked up the racket, and swung it also. “That’s a mighty good tennis bat, Todd.”

“Yes,” Todd answered indifferently. “I never have anything but the best.”

The master glanced at him sharply. “You’re lucky,” he commented. “I’m sure of one thing; you’re going to have the best of neighbors. Grannis, here, is to be next door.”

“That’s good.” Todd straightened up and looked across at Grannis. “I don’t much care to have my mother make my friends for me, but I guess you’re all right.”

“Thank you!” Grannis laughed; Todd, he thought, was an odd fish, and amusing. “I don’t mind how I make my friends — so long as they’re friends.”

There was the sound of carriage-wheels on the gravel below Todd’s open window.

“There are your parents driving away, Todd!” exclaimed Mr. Randolph. “Wave to them!”

“Oh, I’ve said good-bye,” Todd replied, and he began again diligently to ransack his trunk.

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Mr. Randolph turned abruptly. "Come, Grannis, I'll show you your room," he said.

Grannis, following him, did not wonder at his obvious disapproval. To him, Todd's cold-heartedness seemed incomprehensible. A moment before he had been on the point of liking the fellow; now he felt that there was nothing likable about him.

He forgot about Todd in the interest of examining his room; it had a bay window, with red-cushioned window-seats, left by some former occupant, that gave it a comfortable look, in spite of its bareness in other respects. There were an iron bed, an oak table, a white bureau, an iron washstand, and two straight-backed chairs.

"The bathrooms are at the end of the corridor," said Mr. Randolph. "I hope that you'll be comfortable here. If you find yourself in need of anything, come to me, and perhaps I can tell you how to get it. Your trunk will be sent up to you at once."

The master withdrew; and Grannis, after taking another survey of his apartment, and inspecting the small closet, went over to the window-seat. As he gazed out, he saw an open

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carriage turn from the dormitory avenue into the main road; and then he noticed that one of the occupants was waving a handkerchief toward the dormitory. With a sudden flash of insight, he glanced to the right out of his bay window, and had a moment's glimpse of Todd, hanging across his window-sill, and waving a towel out toward the carriage in great commanding sweeps.

Grannis slipped quickly into the back part of his room, with a sudden warm and tender feeling for Todd in his heart. The boy's reluctance to make any demonstration of sentiment in the presence of others, or at the suggestion of a master, was now not so incomprehensible, after all.

In a few minutes, Grannis was unpacking his trunk — a task that he performed with great celerity. When he had finished, he went forth to seek for those memorials of his father of which Dr. Davenport had spoken.

CHAPTER II

“A QUEER BIRD”

WHEN Grannis stepped out into the corridor, the door of Todd's room was still open; Todd himself stood over a heap of shirts, practicing strokes with his tennis-racket.

“Say, Grannis,” he called, “do you play tennis?”

“Yes, a little.”

“Do you play well?”

“Why, I don't know!” Grannis laughed. “Just a fair game, I guess. I like to play.”

“I thought if you were any good, I'd take you on sometime. I wonder who is the best player in the school? I want to tackle him.”

“You must be pretty good,” said Grannis.

“Well, I guess I ought to be. My father built a court for me that cost two thousand dollars. I won the championship of our Country Club this summer.”

Grannis looked at him with undisguised interest. He had never before heard a boy boast so freely, frankly, and cheerfully. Todd

A QUEER BIRD

swept his racket down through the air in the motion of a twist service, and swung it forward again on a long underhand drive. He was engrossed in his technique; of himself he seemed at the moment utterly unconscious.

“It looks to me as if I was n’t in your class at all,” Grannis said; his eyes twinkled. “But until you find out who is the best player in the school, maybe I can give you some amusement.”

“Come on; put on your tennis things and we’ll see where the courts are right now, and have a game.”

Grannis liked his enthusiasm, and said, reluctantly:—

“I have n’t any tennis shoes. If there’s a place here where I can buy a pair —”

“Run down and ask Mr. Randolph,” Todd said authoritatively. “Of course there must be.”

Grannis hesitated. He could make his explorations and find the traces of his father’s career at St. Timothy’s at any time; still, he had thought that would be the first thing he would do. But a glance at Todd’s eager, expectant face persuaded him.

“All right,” he said, and he hurried away.

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But his inquiry was without avail. The school store, at which tennis shoes were purchasable, would not be opened until the next day, and the tennis-courts were not yet made ready for use. Grannis returned to Todd with this unfavorable report.

"I don't think much of that," was Todd's comment. "Well, wait a moment till I put on a collar, and then we'll go out and see what kind of a place we've struck."

Grannis would have preferred to make his explorations alone; in the company of another, there would be something perhaps to interrupt the reverent interest with which he would like to pause in places that bore some record of his father. But he could not churlishly refuse Todd's company, and soon, as they walked together down the road, he found himself enjoying it. Todd was an easy person to strike an acquaintance with; he had so little modesty in talking about himself. He did not in any way veil his appreciation of his abilities; he liked to discourse of them, and his interest in those of his new-found friend was quite perfunctory. Grannis found him more and more entertaining and extraordinary.

A QUEER BIRD

“I can chin myself seventeen times,” Todd remarked, when together they viewed the interior of the Gymnasium. “I wonder if they have a strength-testing machine here? I bet I’m stronger than any fellow of my weight in the school.”

“They’ve got some rowing-machines, anyway,” said Grannis, peering down the stairs into the basement.

“Rowing? Well, I don’t know whether I’d care for that or not. I’d rather play baseball; I caught on the nine at Lake Minnetonka this summer. We played eight games, and I had only four bases stolen on me.”

“You must have had a good infield,” said Grannis, more for his own amusement than for Todd’s.

“Oh, the infield was good enough. But a catcher has to have a great throwing arm to make a record like that.”

“I wonder if you could hold my curves?” said Grannis.

Todd looked at him to see if he was joking. Grannis’s face was serious and speculative.

“Are you a pitcher?”

“I pitched on our school team in Milwaukee.”

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Todd looked him over critically. "You're so slim, — you look too nervous, — likely to blow up in some inning. I bet I could hold you steady, though. I never had a pitcher go up in the air with me yet. Would n't it be great if we were the St. Timothy's battery this year?"

"It would be pretty fine," Grannis admitted, "but unlikely. You're going to try for everything, are n't you?"

"They've got a medal here for the best all-round athlete. I'm going to try for that," Todd said frankly.

Grannis was beginning already to feel very desirous of seeing such an athlete perform.

It was natural enough that after inspecting the Gymnasium they should ask the way to the athletic field. The path led off from the Laboratory down through a thicket of maples and birches some distance behind the rector's house; it followed a little stream, and at last crossed it on an old bridge that was a mass of carved names and initials; and then, ascending a slope through the trees, it emerged at one side of a fine large playing-ground. There were a number of tennis-courts; beyond them a green oval encircled by a quarter-mile cinder

A QUEER BIRD

track; and beyond that a baseball-field. Gran-nis and Todd walked over the tennis-courts, and pronounced the surface good; stamped upon the track, and wished that they were in “spikes” and running-clothes to test it; admired the smooth, green oval, and passing over to the baseball-field, stood, each in turn, upon the home plate.

“Would n’t you like to knock one, with the bases full, clean over into those willows in left field!” exclaimed Todd. “I made a home run in the last game our team played this summer. I tell you, it feels good when you meet the ball hard like that!”

They turned their steps to the athletic house, a white building with an Attic portico that presided in dignity over the now silent playing-fields. The door was open, and they entered a spacious locker-room; they prowled round, looking at the names on some of the cards; they investigated the showers and drying-rooms; then they climbed the stairs to the trophy hall. Here were panels on which were inscribed the names of victorious teams and crews, old footballs bearing the scores of by-gone games, silver cups, prize bats, and oars.

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Grannis went round in eager search of the records of his father's time, and soon stood before a panel that commemorated a football victory. Todd, standing beside him and running down the list of names, suddenly exclaimed:—

“Hello! There's your name, Grannis! Alfred Grannis! See!”

“Yes. That's my father. He played left end on the team.”

Grannis's voice was low; there was a musing look in his eyes as he gazed at the names.

“Are you in mourning for your father?” Todd asked the question in a tone that for him was unwontedly subdued.

“For my father and my mother both. They were killed a month ago in a railway accident.”

“Oh, I'm awfully sorry.” Todd put his arm across Grannis's shoulders, and Grannis felt a rush of kindly emotion at this evidence of warm-heartedness. The next instant Todd had spoiled it all. “Where was it? How did it happen?” he asked, unable to disguise his interest in so sensational an event.

“Out West. The rails spread, the train rolled down an embankment. I can't talk about it.”

A QUEER BIRD

Todd, undismayed, pressed for information.

“Were you with them?”

“Yes.”

“And you were n’t hurt?”

“No.”

“It must have been frightful,” said Todd.

He paused, in the hope that Grannis might volunteer further details, and when he did not, said, tentatively, “I suppose at the time you hardly realized it?”

Without replying, Grannis moved away. He passed slowly round the room, with Todd following at his elbow, but he saw nothing of the objects at which he looked; his eyes were trying vainly to shut out those horrible, heart-rending sights. To have that experience made the subject of morbid questioning was intolerable. He suddenly rushed down the stairs; he heard Todd’s surprised shout, “Say, where are you off to? Wait for me!” But he did not wait, he did not answer, and some understanding must have penetrated Todd’s mind; at any rate, Grannis hurried along the path through the woods unpursued.

He did not feel any resentment against Todd, but he wished he had done what he

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had first planned — visited all alone the places hallowed for him by his father's memory. He would lose no more time and take no more chances of too intrusive companionship. The rector had mentioned the schoolroom and the Library; to those places he now turned.

The schoolroom occupied most of the first floor of the building in which Dr. Davenport had his office. It was a large, light room, with long windows on either side that reached almost to the lofty ceiling. It was filled with yellow varnished desks and yellow chairs, arranged with a mathematical exactness, rank upon rank. At the end of the room toward which the desks all faced was a tall clock on which hundreds of weary youths had cast longing eyes, and on which hundreds of others were to gaze. On either side of it stalls were set into the walls; these, so Grannis came later to understand, were for the benefit of the sixth form, those enviable persons who had the privilege of studying in their rooms, and who visited the schoolroom only to hear the morning reports and the weekly marks. At one side of the room was a platform, on which stood the master's desk. Above it, on the wall, was

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inscribed in illuminated letters the motto of St. Timothy's:—

Ea discamus in terris quorum scientia perseveret in cælis.

Grannis walked up one aisle and down another, looking at the marble busts in the niches, at the framed engravings, and wondering where was the memorial of which Dr. Davenport had spoken. Halfway down the farther aisle he stopped; there, set in the wall, were three tablets, on which were engraved the names of the Herndon scholars, with the year of each. Near the top of the first tablet, under the year 1881, the name of Alfred Grannis was recorded.

Grannis remembered now the day when his father had told him of winning this honor. It had been only a couple of months ago, and his father had referred to it somewhat lightly as the surprising award made to him by the rector at the close of his sixth-form year. Grannis had asked then what the Herndon Prize was, and his father had taken out a gold medal from a bureau drawer. "It's given every year to the sixth-former whose general all-round work makes the best impression on the rector," he said. "It is n't wholly a question

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of marks. I guess when it was given to me it was one of the rector's mistakes." He laughed as he handed the medal over for his son to examine it.

Grannis had not thought much about it at the time; now, however, as he stood before the tablets that bore all those names, he suddenly felt a great desire to have Alfred Grannis inscribed there a second time. He had felt that same desire when he had seen the name on the shield in the trophy room.

There remained one more place for him to visit — the Library. Passing out of the school-room, he encountered a janitor who gave him directions. The Library was a dome-shaped building of granite, standing at the meeting of two roads; in front of it was a statue of heroic size, of a young soldier, commemorating the four St. Timothy's boys who had died in the Spanish War. Grannis looked at this figure with admiration, then passed up the steps, and entered a cool and airy reading-room. But neither here nor in the "stacks," which he explored, nor in the corridors did he find that for which he looked. He was beginning to think that Dr. Davenport had made some mistake in connecting his father so particularly with

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the Library, when his eyes fell upon a cabinet holding some large volumes classified as school photographs. Light flashed into Grannis's mind; here were the records. He found the volume that covered his father's school years, and taking it to a table in the reading-room, began to turn the pages.

There were pictures of the buildings of those days, of the masters, of the boys; pictures of school teams, and crews, and classes. Grannis found himself wondering at the quaint clothes of the period — the braided coats and high-cut waistcoats, and straight, uncomfortable-looking collars; he felt that even if styles were different then, the fellows of that time could not have cared very much about their appearance. He came to the picture of the school football-team; the names of the players were written on the margin, together with the score by which they had triumphed over St. John's, but Grannis did not need to look at this key to identify his father. There he stood at the left of the line, a straight, slim figure in skin-tight jersey and unpadded knickerbockers, — just like the other players, — a queer-looking football crowd, Grannis thought.

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He had never before seen this picture of his father, and he looked at it earnestly, trying to trace in it the lineaments that he knew so well. There was the same clear, straightforward gaze, the same kindly smile, the same dark, wavy hair. So interested was the younger Grannis that when some one entered the room he did not look up, and it was with a start of surprise that he presently found an elderly, gray-bearded gentleman standing by his side, and saying:—

“You’re so much absorbed in those photographs that I can’t help being interested, too. It’s rather odd that a new boy should want to go so far back.”

The man’s voice was pleasant, his gray eyes were friendly, his manner invited confidence.

“I had just found my father,” said Grannis.

“Ah!” The man looked over the boy’s shoulder, and there was a new interest in his voice as he exclaimed, “The last team I played on! Which one is your father?”

Grannis designated him with a finger.

“So you’re Alfred Grannis’s son! Yes, you look like him.” There was a pause; then the man continued: “Hundreds and hundreds of



SO INTENT WAS HE THAT HE DID NOT LOOK UP

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boys have passed through the school in the thirty-six years that I've been teaching here. I have known them all well enough to have had for a little while an idea of each one's character and qualities. Now, at the end of thirty-six years, I find that only a few stand out in my memory — for what they did, what they were, what they promised. Your father was one of those few."

"Are you Mr. Dean?" asked the boy.

"Yes. He has spoken of me to you?"

There was such a note of pleasure in the master's voice that Grannis was glad he could say:—

"Yes. He often spoke of you. He had looked forward to seeing you again this fall."

"Yes," said Mr. Dean. "Yes. I was greatly shocked." He stood looking off across the room; then his gaze fell on the boy and softened. "When your father was in the school, a few of the masters played on the teams with the boys. I was right guard on this team; there I am." He placed his finger on one of the figures in the picture. "I'm hardly up to playing football now, but I like the game still. Your father went into that and into everything else he did

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with enthusiasm. He never put his toes in and took them out again; he always jumped in, all over. Lots of boys play football with enthusiasm; not so many study with enthusiasm. But your father wanted to *live* — all the time, in everything he did; he went to his work with as much zest as to his play. He gave the best that was in him to every end that the school life offered. He fashioned out of himself the best tool that he could make. There are n't many boys who go through school with just that joyous earnestness; those who do we remember.” Again the master's eyes strayed; he seemed to be looking back along the vista of years. He recalled himself with a sudden sense of what was due to the present.

“What form do you expect to enter?” he asked.

“The fifth, I hope.”

“That will make for our better acquaintance. I have the fifth-form Latin. I'm glad to have met you, Grannis; forgive my interrupting.”

“Thank you for it,” Grannis replied.

Mr. Dean passed into an alcove, and took a book down from one of the shelves. Grannis resumed his examination of the photographs.

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He found others in which his father appeared — and then suddenly, after a few pages, it was another set of faces at which he gazed.

He closed the album and looked across at the master. Mr. Dean had taught his father when he was a boy, and was now to teach him. He hoped that he would remind Mr. Dean of his father, a little.

Two days later Alfred Grannis had slipped into his place in the small school world. He knew where he had to be at certain hours and how to go there; he was trying to perform definite tasks assigned him, he had a definite seat in the Upper School dining-room, he was beginning to know the last names of a good many boys, and the first names of a few. It had given him a thrill of pride when Edward Crashaw, the president of the Pythian Athletic Club, — of which Grannis's father had been president, — invited him to join that organization. Crashaw was a great man in the school, right half-back on the eleven, captain of the nine, immensely popular; for him to notice a "new kid" at all was a mark of distinguished consideration.

It was rather a blow to Grannis that Todd,

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who, by priority of acquaintance and proximity of quarters, was his closest friend, joined the rival club, the Corinthians. Still, it was not yet time for their athletic interests to clash; football practice would not begin for a couple of weeks, and until it did Todd announced his intention of devoting himself to tennis, and trying to win the fall championship. By way of getting some practice, the second day of school he challenged Grannis to a game, and as Todd's outspoken remarks concerning the quality of his play had interested the fellows at his table, there were several spectators when he and Grannis appeared on the tennis-court. It was soon evident that their sympathies were all with Grannis, and that they were hoping he would give the "Champ," as they had dubbed Todd, a good trouncing.

Todd, unmindful of their jeers, started in at full speed, and allowed Grannis but one point in the first game.

"Did you play in the Newport Tournament this year, Champ?" asked Jim Belknap, one of the bystanders, derisively.

"No — could n't come on to it," was Todd's matter-of-fact reply. "Ready, Granny—Play!"

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He served a swift ball into the right-hand corner of Grannis's court, scoring a clean ace.

"Blamed if he is n't pretty good!" muttered Belknap disconsolately.

In fact, it was not long before those who had come to scoff turned away rather than applaud. Todd enjoyed nothing better than giving an exhibition before an audience, and that first set his eye and hand were working in perfect coöperation. He chased Grannis back and forth across the court, and by the time that he had won the set, six to one, there was no one left looking on.

Grannis himself was irritated by Todd's nonchalant air of superiority, and when at the beginning of the second set Todd began to coach him, and advise him how to play his strokes, and where to place the ball, Grannis set his teeth. He liked Todd, but oh, how he would love to take some of the conceit out of him! He could play better tennis than he had played that first set, and he began now to do it. It was not brilliant, easy, careless tennis like Todd's,—tennis with real talent behind it,—but it was plodding, persistent, and steady—the kind that often breaks down the game of a

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better player. The score moved along two all, three all, four three for Todd, then four all. Grannis won that game by a "let" ball that just stumbled over the net.

"You're a lucky lobster!" Todd remarked, with annoyance. "You had no business to get that game!"

Grannis said nothing; an unpleasant suspicion was awakening in him. On several close points of which Todd had had the decision, he had seemed to see what he most wanted to see and had unhesitatingly declared out balls that to Grannis's eye were on the line, or inside it.

Grannis won the set, six to four. As they were changing courts, Todd remarked:—

"That cut stroke of yours is n't tennis, Granny; you chop every ball. You may win a game now and then, but you play in rotten form."

"Well, we can't all play just alike," replied Grannis. "You keep your eye on the ball, and don't worry so much about my form."

For the first two games of the third set, Todd followed that advice; then, having obtained what seemed to him a safe lead, he again began to criticize his opponent's methods.

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“You’ll never be any good, Granny, till you stop cutting the ball,” he said tolerantly, as he made it three love.

At that moment, too, he caught sight of Sumner Kingsbury strolling by with two other sixth-formers; Kingsbury was, as he had learned, the school tennis champion. Todd walked off the court and up to Kingsbury, and said:—

“Don’t you want to play me to-morrow? I think I could give you a game. I won the championship of our Country Club this summer.”

Kingsbury, a stocky, brown-faced, good-natured-looking fellow, thus taken by surprise, fell back upon the dignified rebuke that sixth-formers were accustomed to administer in cases of impudence.

“Who are you, new kid?” he asked.

“My name’s Todd; you can watch me play for a while if you think I’m not good enough.”

Todd was unabashed by the mirth that this remark provoked from Kingsbury and his companions.

“All right, Todd; show us what you can do.” And Kingsbury and his friends moved over to the court.

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The presence of the champion among the spectators stimulated Grannis no less than it did Todd; he made some heroic returns and won a hard-fought game, to Todd's conspicuous discomfiture. The sixth-formers were highly amused.

“Just wait,” Todd said to them. “I’ll get going.”

To vindicate his word, he played brilliantly and took the next game, making the score four to one. And then, to his infinite vexation and the great joy of the onlookers, he had a “slump.” Grannis played with steadiness and accuracy, and won three straight games.

“Well, fellows, I guess we’ve wasted enough time,” said Kingsbury, in a voice quite audible to Todd.

“Wait!” pleaded Todd. “I’m going to run this set out right now. I want to show you —”

“I’ll play you some time when you’ve got your growth; you’re young yet,” said Kingsbury. “Come on, fellows!”

They walked away, and Todd was so vexed that he slammed the ball wildly, with the result that Grannis won the next two games and the set.

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As they were putting up their rackets, Todd said, "That Kingsbury's got a swelled head. If I can win the tournament and challenge him, I'll make him sorry."

Grannis could not resist saying, "That's a funny way to talk after I've just licked you."

Todd turned on him a look of honest surprise. "Why, Granny, you surely don't call that licking me! Why, I just gave you the game! I could lick you hands down at any time, you know."

It was Grannis's turn to stare at Todd, with something like admiration for such invincible self-confidence, such invulnerable self-esteem.

They walked up to the dormitory, the greater part of the way in silence. After a while Todd asked, "What are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking what a queer bird you are," replied Grannis honestly.

Todd was so interested in his own thoughts that he appeared not to notice this remark.

"That fellow, Kingsbury, is a conceited ass," he declared, with the positiveness of one who has considered his conclusion carefully. "I certainly should like to take it out of him. You must give me some more practice, Granny."

CHAPTER III

AN UNWELCOME GIFT

ONE of the facts that Grannis early learned about his friend Todd was that his aversion to the classics was pronounced. To Grannis, Latin and Greek came easily; during his first week in Mr. Dean's Latin class he showed that he might dispute the honors with McKee and Rayburn, who had been the best scholars the preceding year. From almost the first day Todd had made a practice of neglecting his Latin, and coming to Grannis for help in the five-minute interval before the recitation. Most of the boys availed themselves of this breathing-spell to go outdoors, pass a ball back and forth, play leap-frog, or otherwise stretch their legs; but before Grannis could escape from his desk, Todd was always there with his Virgil and the request, "Read the lesson over for me, quick, Granny, will you?" It would take the full five minutes always, and it was Todd's only preparation, for he read novels in study hour, paper-covered ones that he

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deftly inserted in the binding of an old text-book, thus deceiving the watchful eyes of the master on the platform.

He was particularly careless about Latin, because he looked on Mr. Dean as an old man whose faculties were no longer alert, a spectacled fossil of whose infirmities it would be easy to take advantage. It was consequently with a shock of disagreeable surprise that, after having one day, as he thought, successfully "bluffed through" a recitation, he heard his name read out the next morning: "Todd, inattention, and neglect of work, one and one half sheets." That meant that he would have to spend the greater part of the afternoon in the schoolroom, writing Latin lines by way of penance; and as he had made arrangements to play tennis with a fellow named Carson, who, he had heard, was almost as good as Kingsbury, he regarded the prospect as sickening.

"It's that old geezer, Dean," he said to Grannis. "He has it in for me—I don't know why. Now I've got to go up and jolly him into taking off that report."

Unfortunately, Mr. Dean was not so sus-

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ceptible to blandishment and entreaty; and in a brief interview he convinced Todd that he was by no means in his dotage. Todd canceled his tennis engagement and passed a dull afternoon indoors; the experience fixed in him a deep mistrust of Mr. Dean. It did not, however, effect any marked reformation of his habits, and Grannis continued to be good-natured and obliging until he found that his desk was becoming a rendezvous for all the ne'er-do-wells of the class. Then he declared that he would give no more assistance of that nature.

"If it's some hard line that you've worked over and can't get, I'll help you," he said. "But I'm not going to do the lesson for you lazy lobsters any more; I'm sick of it."

Todd affected to ignore his warning, and came for help the next day, as usual. Grannis refused it, with the consequence that in class Todd made an abject flunk, and was visited with another penalty. Undismayed by the failure of his former attempt upon Mr. Dean, he again tried to beguile him.

"It is n't right to deprive a fellow of his only chance for fresh air and exercise," he

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urged. "I've always been accustomed to a great deal, and it is n't good for my health to be shut in day after day."

Mr. Dean smiled the grim smile that he had learned after years of fencing with boys.

"There's nothing like doing honest work to keep out of jail," he said. "Let me see some evidence of that, and you won't be denied opportunity for exercise."

Todd complained to Grannis of Mr. Dean's injustice, but received little sympathy.

"Mr. Dean's been teaching here too long to be taken in; you made the mistake of thinking he'd be easy because he's getting old," said Grannis.

"Oh, of course you stand up for him because he's always soft as butter to you!" Todd flung back.

Grannis made no reply; at times it was hard for him to keep friendly with Todd, and he often had compunctions at finding that he almost welcomed anything that tended toward an open breach between them. Todd was frequently unbearable, with his bragging and his intrusiveness, his vulgarity and his egotism; he had already made himself an object of mirth

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in the eyes of most of the older fellows. They were waiting until events should give him a trying-out and test the value of his pretensions; then, if he did not rise to the plane of achievement on which in his conversation he always strutted, things would go hard with Todd. This Grannis foresaw, and he had tried to give his friend some warning of his possible fate, had intimated broadly to him that he talked too much, and that every boast he made was registered against him. Todd had waved aside all admonitions. "I'll make good; just let 'em give me a show," he said serenely.

And yet, with all his trying qualities, there was in him a strain that made Grannis feel ashamed to look forward with relief to a day when, perhaps, their relations need not be so intimate. For, in the first place, Todd was obviously fond of him, and depended on him — this notwithstanding that he was often downright insulting, and seldom showed more than the most cursory interest in Grannis's affairs. Yet Grannis felt that Todd liked him, would — and did — take almost anything from him, and would bear no malice; more than that, he felt that Todd, with all his eccentricities of

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temper and with all his egotism, was quite remarkably free from malice. Even in the case of Mr. Dean, his outbursts were of the moment; after he had expiated his sins he bore no grudge. He lived so enthusiastically in the present and the future that he never seemed to dwell on the grievances of the past. Grannis, who saw more of him than any one else, became aware of these less obvious redeeming traits, and whenever under the provocation of some of Todd's words and actions he felt his friendship wavering, he always fortified it with the thought of Todd's stanchness and cheerful vitality.

The drawings for the fall tennis tournament were posted on the school bulletin board the last Monday in September. Most of those who were interested crowded round, looked for a moment or two until they found their own names and the names of their opponents, and then departed. But Todd took it more seriously. He provided himself with a large tablet, and painstakingly copied down the drawings.

“What the dickens are you doing all that for?” asked Tom Quintard, a sixth-former

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who sat at the same table with Todd and who happened to be passing.

“Oh, I’m going to dope it out,” replied Todd. “I want to see what kind of a draw I’ve got.”

“I should think you could see by looking at the board,” replied Quintard. “You’ve drawn Ted Norris.”

“Yes, I know. But I want to look ahead.”

“I suppose you’ve got this tournament won already — on paper,” suggested Quintard.

“Well,” said Todd, still copying away, “that’s what I want to figure on.”

“I hope somebody gives you a good licking,” replied Quintard, and passed on.

Todd was quite unconcerned. He took the expression of such a wish as partly facetious, and as partly inspired by jealousy. He spent part of the hour when he should have been doing his Latin in plotting out the probable course of the tournament; he filled out the diagram, down to the final round. In the noon intermission, just before luncheon, he took it into Grannis’s room.

“If Kingsbury won the championship last year, I don’t see why he should want to enter

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the tournament, instead of staying out and playing the winner," he said. "Still, I don't know that I care much. Do you want to see how I've doped it out, Granny? I've got a cinch in the lower half; I don't meet anybody really until I run up against you in the semifinals."

"Do I get into the semifinals?" asked Grannis. He reached for the chart, and presently his eyes were twinkling and his lips were twitching. This was the way Todd had worked out the last three rounds:—

Fourth Round. Fifth Round. Final Round. Winner.

Davis	Kingsbury	Kingsbury	Kingsbury	Todd	
Kingsbury					
Carson	Carson	Carson	Carson		
Weir					
Grannis	Grannis	Grannis	Grannis		
Jameson					
Todd	Todd	Todd	Todd		
McKinney					

"Well," said Grannis, handing the paper back, "I don't see why you did n't put down the scores."

"Nobody could do that," Todd replied.

"There's only one other suggestion I might make." Grannis's eyes twinkled again. "You might have left the last space vacant — left

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something to the imagination. I'd have known just the same what your guess was."

"I'm not afraid to put myself on record," Todd said, undisturbed.

In fact, he committed the indiscretion that evening at the supper-table — so full was he of his subject — of displaying his forecast of the tournament. The chart, which he permitted to pass for one moment into the hands of Ridgely, who sat opposite, made the round of the table amid loud, ironical laughter and derisive comment, which Todd bore stolidly at first, but with a rising temperature.

"If it all seems so funny to you, just hand it back," he commanded.

It came at that moment under the eyes of Belknap, the sixth-former who had the seat by the window.

"This is rich," said Belknap. He ostentatiously folded it and put it into his pocket. "It will just about give Carson and Kingsbury hysterics; I'll have to show it to them."

Todd was eating very fast — his only display of emotion — and looking hard at Belknap. Finally he said, "I guess you won't show that to anybody, Belknap."

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“Why not?” Belknap asked.

“Because I mean to take it from you as soon as you leave the table.”

“Ho!” said Belknap, and laughed, although somewhat uneasily. He was slender and far from sturdy, and by no means anxious to encounter Todd with anything but his wits.

Mr. Lawton, the master in charge of the table, who had been silently observing and listening, now spoke up:—

“I rather think you’re in a fair way to promote a disorder, Belknap. You had better restore Todd’s property.”

“Oh, well, if you insist, Mr. Lawton.” Belknap spoke with an air of great reluctance. “Here you are, Todd, old top.”

He passed the schedule on to his next neighbor; in time it reached Todd’s hands.

“You’ll let us know when you play the finals, won’t you, Champ?” It was Ridgely who spoke. “We’ll all want to come down and root for you.”

“You can all laugh if you want to.” But Todd’s tone showed that he was galled, and the joyful jeers did not cease. The tale of his expectations was quickly circulated; after

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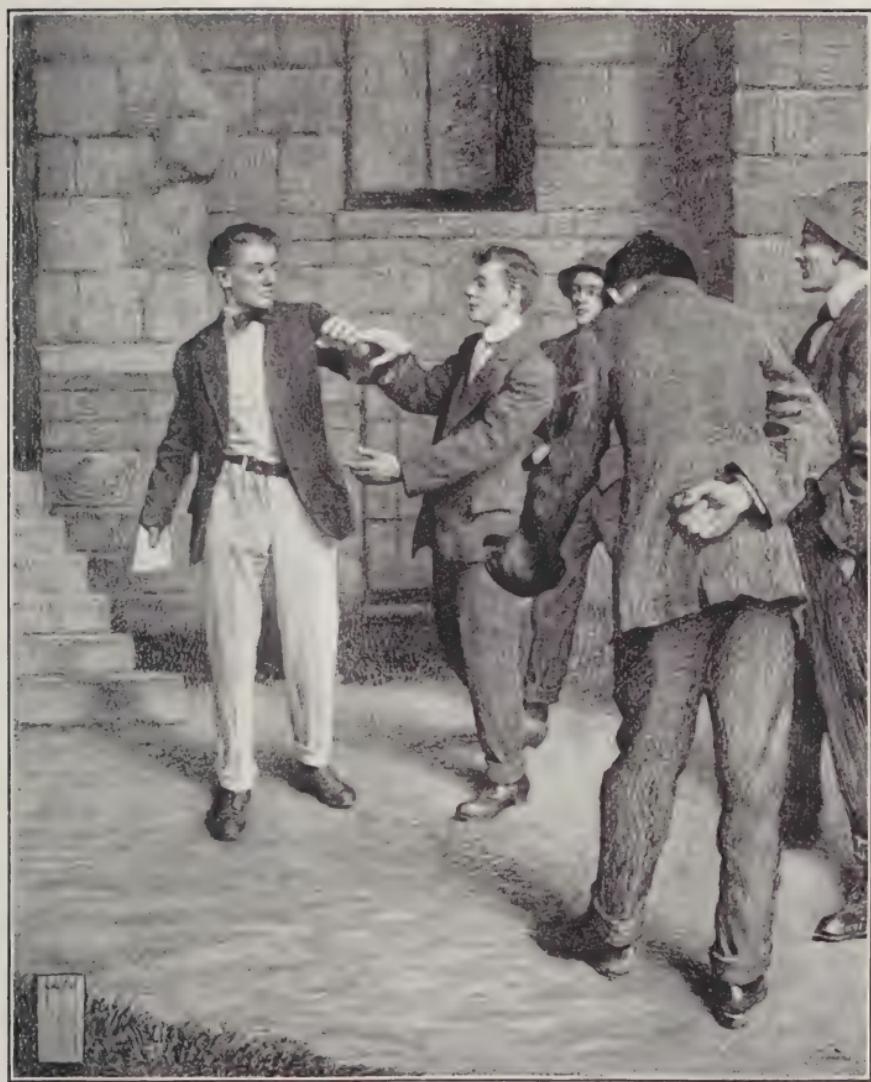
luncheon he was surrounded by grinning youths who desired the privilege of examining his chart. Todd shouldered them right and left in a sort of good-natured irritation. "Well, you all know what it was about!" he exclaimed. "I was amusing myself; I did n't intend to amuse a crowd."

He made his escape to his room, where he began to dress for his first match. Grannis, all ready to play, came in before he had finished.

"What a goat you were to show that bunch at your table your chart!" said Grannis. "You might have known they'd spread it all round. Now, if you don't win the tournament, the whole school will cheer. People love to see a fellow licked who talks all the time about what he's going to do."

"That's all right; if I get licked, they can cheer; I won't care." Todd drew his belt tight. "It won't be long till I win something else; the track meet comes next week. I'll show 'em I've got more than one string to my bow. But I don't intend to get licked. Come along, you old Granny."

That afternoon Todd played two matches, and won them both, in straight sets. Then he



“I DID N’T INTEND TO AMUSE A CROWD”

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changed to running-clothes, went out on the track where fellows were practicing for the coming meet, and tried getting his stride over the high hurdles. Edward Crashaw paused from his practice at putting the shot, watched him, and said a complimentary word about his "form."

"I'll get up my speed later," Todd assured him.

He felt very well contented, and was able that evening to say at the supper-table:—

"Well, you see it's all going according to schedule."

"It's nothing to beat a couple of dubs six love, six love," replied Ridgely.

The tournament progressed in the main as Todd had predicted. Grannis won his matches, and on the third day he and Todd confronted each other in the semifinals. In the other half, Carson and Kingsbury remained. Far from being subdued by the unfavorable reception that had greeted his forecast, Todd at luncheon that day exulted over his table. There seemed to be a concerted arrangement among the fellows to assume a submissive, deferential attitude toward him; instead of jeering, they

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agreed that they had been mistaken, and that he had shown himself wonderfully endowed with the gift of prophecy. Belknap's suggestion that they all go down and stand on the sidelines and "root" for him received cordial support.

"I can always play better before a crowd," said Todd.

"Anybody can," said Belknap, "who has a cast-iron nerve."

To this remark Todd disdained to reply.

As usual, he and Grannis walked together down to the tennis-courts, Todd making imaginary passes and strokes with his racket, and springing up into the air now and then as if to smash a ball.

"Kingsbury will win from Carson sure as shooting," he said to Grannis. "I've been watching Kingsbury's game, and I know just how to play him. The thing is to keep lobbing to him whenever he comes up; sooner or later that will finish him."

"Much obliged for the pointer," said Grannis. "I'll bear it in mind when I play Kingsbury."

Todd laughed uproariously, and then paid him a compliment.

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“You say such ridiculous things with such a straight face, Granny.”

“So do you,” Grannis answered, chuckling because Todd looked mystified.

There were a number of fifth- and sixth-formers lounging about the two courts on which the matches were to be played — some attracted by a desire to see what kind of exhibition Todd would make, others by a more genuine interest in the game. Kingsbury, who was managing the tournament, came up to Grannis and Todd, and said:—

“You fellows ought to have a referee and linesmen; the semifinals are important enough for that. Harris, here, will referee, and Colt and Dunn will take the two base-lines. Now if you can get three more men, one for the service-line and one for each of the side-lines, you’ll be all fixed. I can’t get them for you, for I have to get ready to play myself.”

Todd appealed to the spectators, with the result that Belknap volunteered for one sideline, Ridgely for the other, and a young fourth-former, Stepney, for the service-line.

The game began; Todd got well started, and in the first set quite ran away from Grannis,

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who made a successful stand in only two games. Todd moved about the court, whistling and smiling; he was in high spirits. Now and then, when he made a particularly brilliant and effective shot, he would turn to the spectators with a smile and a look that said plainly, "You see; I have not exaggerated my ability; I really am good."

In the second set Grannis played better; he kept Todd away from the net, where he was strongest, and placed his shots accurately down the lines. Todd continued to hit the ball with nonchalance, and to try difficult shots and picturesque strokes — even when Grannis was leading four games to two. It was apparent that his confidence was not shaken in the least.

"That smile will have to come off your face soon, Champ!" cried Belknap exultantly, when Grannis made the score five to two.

"All right; now I'll show you some real tennis," Todd replied. "I've pulled many a set out from five-two."

Grannis heard the boast; and when he planted himself to receive Todd's serve, there was a brighter challenge in his eyes.

Todd served a hard ball into the corner of

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Grannis's court and rushed to the net. Fast as he came, the ball was there before him. Grannis had flicked it just over the net and across court; it fell a few inches within the side-line.

“Love fifteen,” chanted Harris, and Todd walked back, shaking his head and hammering at the air with his racket.

On his next serve he again ran up; and this time Grannis passed him down the line with a clean back-hand stroke.

“Love thirty!” cried Harris, and most of the spectators were grinning with satisfaction.

Then Grannis put two returns into the net, and the score was thirty all.

“It will be perfectly sickening if he really does pull this set out!” muttered Belknap to Crashaw, who stood near.

But Todd did not pull it out. On the next point, trying to smash a deep lob, he sent the ball a foot beyond the side-line; and for the final point of the set, Grannis passed him again across court.

“Oh, pretty shot!” cried Ridgely, in delight, and nearly all the spectators, including most of the linesmen, clapped, and Belknap sent

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them into a roar by exclaiming, "Why, Champ, is it possible!"

Flushed with exertion and irritation, Todd said to Grannis, "You played better that game than you know how. But this set is for blood."

On the next court Carson and Kingsbury began to play, but few went over to watch them.

Grannis, serving, won the first game, and the delight of the spectators broadened. Todd immediately tied the score, taking a game at love. They alternated, each winning his own serve until Grannis led, four to three. In that last game Todd showed plainly that he was irritated. "How was it?" he called out sharply twice, when he had been unable to reach a ball that had fallen inside his court; and when the decision had been given against him, he had put his hands on his hips and gazed at the linesman incredulously. Then he had sauntered to his place with an air that suggested he was a patient person, able to endure all things. These manners did not tend to conciliate the spirit of the onlookers; they whetted the edge of Grannis's desire to win.

With the games four to three against him,

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Todd served, and rushed to the net as aggressively as ever. Grannis passed him twice, but the score went to forty-thirty. Then Todd missed his first service, and in trying to send a second almost as hard, he made a double fault, just over the service-line. He questioned young Stepney's decision, but there was a chorus of cries, "Sure, it was out!" And slamming a ball angrily at the back net, he returned to the base-line. He won the vantage, only to have the score go back to deuce when he smashed a lob into the net. Then Grannis won the vantage on a drive at Todd's feet, but Todd scored on his next serve, and it was deuce again. So it went for point after point, now one taking the vantage, now the other; both were playing at their very best, making returns of difficult shots, hitting the ball hard, and placing it with daring and accuracy. The game was an important one—especially to Todd, for if he lost it, Grannis, with the serve and the score five to three, would be within striking distance of the set and match. And although among the spectators there was probably not one who wanted to see Todd win, they respected his struggle in this critical time sufficiently to

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abstain from any taunting observations, and to applaud him when he made a brilliant play.

Finally, it was Grannis's vantage when Todd, after a hard run to get a low lob, made a short return, which his opponent smashed into a corner. On the next serve Todd established himself at the net. Three times Grannis tried to pass him; each time Todd volleyed the ball back safely, chasing Grannis from one side of the court to the other; the fourth time Grannis, on the dead run, caught the ball with a long sweep of his racket, and sent it skimming over the net — a low, swift, cross-court shot. Todd tried, but failed to reach it; the ball struck, whether in or out, Grannis could not tell. Harris, the referee, looked at Ridgely, the linesman, before calling the score. Ridgely nodded.

“Game; games are five to three, Grannis leads, third set!” Harris called out.

“Wha-at!” Todd had turned, and in his characteristic incredulous attitude, with his hands on his hips, was facing Ridgely. “You did n’t call that ball in?”

“Square on the line,” Ridgely replied.

“It was out at least two inches,” asserted Todd.

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“I’m watching that line, and I saw just where the ball struck,” Ridgely said.

Todd turned and appealed to Grannis.

“You must know it was out, Granny.”

“I have n’t any idea about it,” Grannis answered. “I could n’t see. Let’s play the point over, since you feel that way about it.”

But Harris spoke up: “No, you don’t. You’ve asked me to referee your match, and it’s my decision. The score’s five-three. Your serve, Grannis.”

Grannis picked up the balls and took his position. But Todd, with great deliberation and calmness, walked off the court, and began putting his racket in its case.

“What’s the matter with you? Play ball!” cried Harris.

Todd made no reply; the others stood looking at him in dumb amazement. Having buttoned in his racket, he started to walk away. Grannis leaped over the net and ran up to him.

“Come back, Dan!” he urged, laying hold of his arm. “Don’t be silly. Play the game.”

“It’s yours by default,” Todd said. “I prefer to give it to you rather than have others do it for me.”

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“Don’t talk about a gift!” said Grannis, with sudden heat. “Come back and play till one of us is beaten.”

“I default to you,” repeated Todd, and he walked away, a figure of inexorable dignity.

He had need to be dignified, retreating from the shower of objurgations that suddenly fell about his ears: “Oh, the quitter!” “Sandless, sandless pup!” “Our Champ!” “Oh, what a lobster!” And then out of a lull soared a mocking voice, “Champ, champ, champ, the boy’s a-marching!” and a shout of derisive laughter.

Grannis had stood speechless through it all, with his eyes fixed on Todd’s departing figure. For one moment he had hated Todd, but that moment had passed; there was now only a sick feeling of shame and pity in his heart. For, after all, Todd had been his friend.

CHAPTER IV

TODD LEARNS THAT GRANNIS IS IN HARD LUCK

So distressed was Grannis over Todd's behavior that he did not at once follow him up to the dormitory; he knew that there he would be sure to encounter him, and he felt that for the present it would be better to avoid a meeting. While he was slipping on his sweater, some of the fellows, Harris, Crashaw, Belknap, and Ridgely among them, gathered round and began to express their opinion of Todd, and to assure Grannis that his own actions had been entirely sportsmanlike.

"Oh, don't be down on Todd!" Grannis broke out suddenly. "I know him better than any of you, and he's really a good fellow. He has a temper, and he was overconfident; that's his trouble. Don't rub it into him; he'll come out all right yet."

"He never will," declared Ridgely. "He's a bluff, nothing else. And he's so conceited that he'll never learn what's the matter with him."

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“He is n’t all bluff,” urged Grannis. “Give him a chance; you ’ll see there are lots of things he can do besides play tennis.”

“Talk,” suggested Belknap. “But I guess he won’t do so much of that now — at our table, anyway.”

“Go easy on him,” Grannis pleaded.

The appeal was so earnest that it produced an impression.

“It’s pretty decent of you to feel so,” remarked Belknap. “But if he’s such a good fellow, why was he always trying to bluff the umpire? Why did he insist that last ball was out? It was square on the line.”

“Well, he was n’t in a position where he could see very accurately,” Grannis suggested. “I suppose it looked out to him. I suppose all those points that he made a fuss over looked different to him. I’m sure he can’t be crooked.”

“He shows a mighty poor spirit, anyway,” said Belknap.

“Just the same,” maintained Grannis, “his spirit is better than you think.”

The gathering broke up; Grannis felt that he had not been very successful in influencing sentiment. He was sorry that Crashaw, the

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school football captain, had witnessed the unpleasant termination of the game; he knew that Todd admired Crashaw, and was ambitious to win his favorable regard. Crashaw had stood by, silently listening to Grannis's appeal and to the disparaging comments about Todd, and had then moved away to watch the other tennis-match.

To that, Grannis also turned. It was soon over; Carson failed to make his expected stand against Kingsbury, and as the spectators drifted away, Grannis caught one disappointed comment. "Shucks! Both semifinal matches a fizzle!" It suddenly filled him with a sense of responsibility. Kingsbury was probably too good for him, but nevertheless it was his duty to prevent the final match from being a "fizzle." He had quite a cold, pleasant feeling in his hands as he walked away, and thought of the struggle that he must make the next afternoon.

He had gone only a short distance when he saw approaching on the road from the dormitory a figure in running-clothes — striding along springily, and every few paces leaping into the air; when he got a little nearer, he

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recognized Todd. He stopped in amazement; Todd came on and passed him at a trot with a cheerful grin. "Out for the high hurdles now!" he called.

"Good luck!" shouted Grannis after him, and then, with a contented laugh, he himself sprinted for the dormitory, lifting his heels as lightly as Todd, glad that his friend was still his friend, and that he was again bubbling over with his ridiculously high, confident spirits. Grannis whistled happily in his bath, and thought to himself, "Now, if I can only lick Kingsbury to-morrow! Old Todd will be almost as glad as if he'd licked him himself" — a supposition that possibly did undue credit to "old Todd's" generosity.

But when Grannis got back to his room and dressed, a reaction of sadness came over him — such a reaction as often followed his happiest moments in those days. The thought occurred to him, "How I should have liked to write home about getting into the finals!" And with the thought, the bitterness of his sorrow returned to him. What did any little triumphs matter? There was no one to rejoice with him in them, — and Grannis at that moment recog-

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nized that little triumphs are important chiefly for the satisfaction that they give to others.

He took from his bureau the two framed photographs, and retiring to the window-seat, he looked at them, and let his mind drift back to the earlier days of his boyhood; picture after picture came before him. His father teaching him to play baseball, standing out in the field behind the barn, and knocking up flies to him — flies that seemed so desperately high, and that descended with such terrific force! He remembered the day when one had landed on his thumb, and he recalled his father's face, so penitent and sympathetic, and the way he had hurried with him to the house, where his mother — who had always such cool, gentle fingers — bandaged the swollen thumb with arnica, and soothed the pain with her words and her kisses as much as with her remedies. Then he thought of the summer evenings when they had all sat out on the piazza at the side of the house, and his father had read aloud from Dickens or Thackeray, and his mother had knitted, and he himself had gazed off through the orchard that sloped down to the river, which shone so brilliantly in the sunset

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light through the trees; at last the piazza electric lights would be turned on, and the reading would be continued through the dusk, while moths and June-bugs thumped and fluttered against the screens, and the air grew cool and soft. There would be the far-away throbbing of a motor-boat on the river, sometimes the splash of oars and a red light slowly passing by; now and then there would be his mother's gay, rippling laugh and his father's amused chuckle, and at last his mother's hand caressing his cheek and hair, and his mother's voice, saying, "Bedtime, sonny."

Grannis was still musing over such memories when there was a knock, and before he could answer, his door was thrown open. Todd, in his running-clothes, panting and flushed, stood there.

"Granny," he said, "you're not sore with me, are you?"

Grannis sprang up. "No, of course not, Dan."

"I lost my temper; I was an ass," Todd said. "You've got to beat Kingsbury for me to-morrow. You know, I bet I could have done it."

Grannis slapped him on the shoulder jovially.

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“You old goat!” he cried. “And I suppose now you’re going out to beat everybody in the hundred yards, half-mile, high hurdles, low hurdles —”

“I stand a good chance to win the high hurdles,” Todd interrupted. “I may go into the hundred, but it’s the high hurdles that I’m training for.”

“Did you have quite a crowd this afternoon to cheer you on?”

“Oh, Belknap and Ridgely and some of that bunch hooted, of course. But that was to be expected. I’ll show them a week from to-day.” Todd spoke with serenity.

Grannis marveled at his contentment, his ability to recognize a past absurdity and drop it with a smile, even in the moment of taking up a fresh one with intense seriousness and confidence.

“I suppose they’ll give you a great jolly at your table to-night?” he said.

“Oh, yes, I’ve let myself in for one. That’s what I get for having been an ass.”

“Well, nobody is ever an ass in the same way twice,” said Grannis; but he wondered if his words were really as wise as they sounded.

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At supper that evening he watched Todd, who sat at the next table. Todd was evidently the object of much mirth. Grannis heard Belknap call out, "Todd, old boy, got your tennis-chart with you? I want to refer to it a moment"—a witticism which provoked more laughter than it deserved.

Todd responded cheerfully, "Yes, I've still got it, but I'm not showing it."

"Going to keep it as a curiosity?" inquired Belknap.

"You might have it framed," suggested Ridgely.

So they chaffed him, one after another, yet there was a kindlier spirit in their taunts than there had been in their comments immediately after the game. They had been impressed, in spite of their prejudice, by Todd's appearance on the track; they had a feeling that although they were entitled to deride him, he might, after all, not be quite unworthy of respect. He was a big, well-made fellow, strong and active; they had seen that afternoon that he was a good runner; and his air of unshaken confidence produced an effect, even on those who had been most disgusted with the braggadocio of his talk.

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Although there were some who remembered to his disadvantage his behavior on the tennis-court, and others who found it humorous to inquire about his tennis-chart, he suffered rather less from his display of temper than might have been expected.

He talked earnestly to Grannis, telling him how to play in order to beat Kingsbury.

“I wish I could be on hand to coach you all through your match,” he said. “But I can see only the last part of it. Duffy wants me to be on the track the first half of the afternoon. Remember what I told you about lobbing to him. When I can get over to your court I can see how the game is going, and I’ll be able to say a word to you now and then when you’re changing sides — tell you what to do. I was always good at sizing up another fellow’s game and knowing how to meet it. Two years ago I got a sprained ankle and could n’t play in our club tournament; I sat on the side-line and coached the winner. Every time he came near me I would whisper something to him; he was being beaten right along till he began to follow my advice.”

“You spend your whole afternoon on the

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track," Grannis said. "Don't you dare to come over and give me any advice: I'll bang a ball at your head."

"Oh, it's all well enough to talk that way now," replied Todd. "But if you find yourself in a tight place, it'll be a good thing for you if I'm on hand to say a word and steady you down."

Well, there was no arguing with such a fellow, Grannis thought, so he did not try.

He had not realized quite what an event the final match of the tournament would be. When he came out on the court, he found nearly half the school assembled to look on. He felt nervous and excited during the preliminary practice, but once the actual play began, he forgot all about the crowd; he had the faculty of intense concentration that is often more valuable than more brilliant gifts.

Kingsbury played a hard hitting game, mostly in the back of the court; he relied on the speed and accuracy of his passing strokes. Grannis had no great speed, but he was quick and active, and from the beginning showed a capacity for returning in some fashion seemingly impossible balls. Without help from Todd

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he had conceived an idea of the way in which to meet Kingsbury's attack, and from the beginning he strove to get up to the net whenever there was an opening — running up on his serve, and on every deep-placed return. These tactics were not very successful in the first set; Kingsbury was driving the ball, both forehand and backhand, with great accuracy, and passed his opponent repeatedly. Taking the last game on Grannis's serve at love by four successive shots down the side-lines, he won the set, six to two.

But the match was three sets out of five, and Grannis was not disheartened. He was getting more force into his own strokes; his volleying at the net became surer and sharper; he disconcerted Kingsbury by breaking through and taking the first game, although Kingsbury was serving; he took the second game on his own service, and Kingsbury had to struggle hard to win the third. Thereafter they alternated, each winning his own service, and Grannis ran out the set, six to four.

Then that happened which Grannis had hoped for. From having been confident, from hitting the ball with an unconscious freedom

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and assurance, Kingsbury now began to play as if he were worried. Instead of playing his own game, he began to adopt his adversary's style — to be painstaking and cautious, and to play safe. And the more Kingsbury did that, the greater chances Grannis took — with the result that in the third set he was entirely on the aggressive and Kingsbury entirely on the defensive. That set went to Grannis by a score of six to three.

It was a warm afternoon; both players were hot with the exertion and the excitement, both were breathing hard. But Grannis was ready to go right on and push the advantage he had won to the utmost. Kingsbury, however, chose to avail himself of the seven-minute intermission allowed by the rules. So he went to one side of the court, and sitting down on the grass, mopped his face and listened to the counsels of the friends who at once surrounded him. On the other side of the court, Grannis stretched himself out on his back and permitted Sydney Melville to stand over him and fan him with a towel. Other adherents drew close, and offered congratulatory words and exhortations.

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Suddenly a panting, lightly clad form burst into the little group and dropped by Grannis's side.

"Great, old boy, great!" gasped Todd. "I've just heard what you're doing to him — just finished my sprint, — wait till I get my breath."

He took a few seconds to recover it, and then began, talking very fast.

"Now what you want to do, Granny, is to play them safe — play everything safe. Don't be too aggressive; just get everything back; let him beat himself. When he comes to the net, lob to him; keep on lobbing. That will break him up, you see."

"Time's up!" called Harris, who was refereeing the match.

Grannis scrambled to his feet; Todd pressed close to him, put an arm across his shoulders, and whispered: —

"I'll be close down by the side-line. When you change courts every other game, pass near me, I'll give you points on what to do; I'll be studying his game."

Grannis did not heed Todd's admonition; he started in to play the same dashing game that had won the last set for him. But his opponent

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seemed to have profited either by advice or reflection, for instead of resorting to the defensive, he returned to the style of play that he had shown in the first set — hard-hitting, slashing play, in which he seemed to be driving the balls with the energy and recklessness of desperation. Grannis made a better stand against it than he had done in the first set, but the pace of Kingsbury's balls was too swift and the placing of them too accurate. So, notwithstanding the frantic stage whispers of encouragement and admonition from Todd, Grannis got only three games in that set, and he and Kingsbury were on even terms again.

The news of the struggle that was going on had spread, and the number of the spectators had gradually augmented. Now more than half the school and a good many of the masters were assembled about the court, across which the late afternoon shadows had begun to fall. Both players showed signs of weariness; between points Kingsbury walked after the balls in a tired sort of way; Grannis's thin face seemed to have grown longer and sharper. The tenseness of the contest had communicated itself to the spectators; the applause for good shots,

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frequent though it was and impartial, was short, and stopped abruptly.

Up by the net, Todd, in his running-clothes, with a sweater thrown over his shoulders, watched every stroke intently, and whenever Grannis came near him, whispered loudly adjurations and advice. "Stick to him, Granny; you've got him going! Mind what I told you!" These were Todd's most frequent and pregnant utterances. Whether they helped or not, Grannis was certainly playing better. Kingsbury led at two-one, and Grannis made it two all; Kingsbury led at three-two, and Grannis made it three all. Kingsbury was worried, his swift strokes were now not coming off so well, and he was again beginning to resort to the defensive, cautious style of play.

The result was that on the next game Grannis broke through and won Kingsbury's serve; he had been winning his own serve consistently, and his chances now looked bright. But Kingsbury was not lacking in courage. When Grannis put over a swift serve and came running in on it, Kingsbury drove the ball hard down the side-line, a clean and daring pass; he followed it up with a cross-court

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backhand shot that Grannis could not reach with his racket; and then, playing with renewed confidence, he ran out the game. He took the next game, allowing Grannis only one point, and with the score five to four in his favor, and playing once more with all his dash and brilliancy, he seemed to have victory within his grasp.

“You’ve got to put more sting into your shots! If he comes to the net, lob to him!” Todd besought Grannis while he was picking up the balls preparatory to serving. The first serve was a good one; Kingsbury drove it into the net. The second point Kingsbury won, by hitting the ball sharply at Grannis’s feet when he came running in. Kingsbury made it fifteen-thirty on the next point when Grannis, again running in, netted a hard drive to his backhand. He tied the score immediately by a terrific serve into the corner of Kingsbury’s court. Then at thirty all he missed his first serve; on his second he stayed back; Kingsbury returned it with a swift drive to the base-line, on his backhand. Grannis got to it, and sent it skimming; it struck the top band of the net, seemed to hang for a moment, and then fell back with-

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out struggling over. Kingsbury was within a point of the championship.

“Take your time! take your time!” shouted Todd, in a raucous whisper, making a trumpet of his hands. “Steady, now, steady!”

Grannis took aim deliberately, and tried hard to score with a service ace. But his ball was a fault by a couple of inches, and he had to serve an easy one, and stay back from the net. Again Kingsbury shot the ball over on his backhand and came running up. Grannis returned the ball, lobbing high; the lob fell about halfway back in Kingsbury’s court—a short lob, and Kingsbury smashed it with all his might.

Belknap was linesman on the side-line down which Kingsbury aimed his smash. The ball struck so close to the line that Harris, the referee, instead of calling the score, waited a moment, and then asked, “How was it, Belknap?”

“Good,” said Belknap.

“Out!” shouted Todd, throwing up both arms. “Out a good inch!”

“It was good; it hit the line,” repeated Belknap.

“Game, set, and match for Kingsbury!” proclaimed Harris.

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Grannis sprang over the net and ran up to shake hands with the victor. Todd was loudly protesting:—

“It’s a roast! I saw it plainly. The ball was out—”

“Oh, no, it was n’t, either,” said some one in the crowd. “I saw it, and it was on the line.”

“I know it was out!” vociferated Todd. “It’s a shame to give anybody the championship on a point like that!”

“Belknap was on the line,” declared Harris. “Belknap says it was good, and that’s all there is to it.”

“Belknap always sees crooked,” said Todd.

“No, no, you’re way off, Dan!” cried Grannis, running up to suppress him. “The ball was all right; I saw it myself.”

“Then you saw it wrong!” Todd said obstinately. “You had a right to win, if you’d been given a fair show!”

Todd’s eyes were flashing; he spoke with vehemence; he seemed to have burst into a sudden wild flare of anger. On the faces of those who had drawn round him, Grannis saw reflected the disgust that he himself felt. He

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heard the murmur of displeasure at Todd's outbreak; he caught the muttered words, "Mucker!" and "Chump!" and, somewhat to his shame, he found himself echoing them in his heart. But he could not forget that it was mistaken loyalty to himself that had urged Todd on to give this pitiable exhibition. He slipped his hand into Todd's arm and drew him away.

Belknap was walking off with Tom Quintard and Ridgely; out of the corner of his eye he saw Todd and Grannis overtaking them. He waited until they had passed; then, in a voice that safely reached their ears, he remarked:—

"Pretty tough luck for a good fellow like Alfred Grannis to be tied up with such a friend!"

Todd flushed up to his hair. Then he looked at Grannis furtively — with a veiled, passionate, eager expression in his eyes; he knew that Grannis must have heard, and he waited for Grannis to speak. Instead, Grannis remained silent, looking uncomfortably at the ground. And suddenly Todd exclaimed, in a choking, angry voice:—

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“Oh, I see! You’re ashamed of me! All right; I don’t care.”

At once, before Grannis could answer, he sprang away from him, and ran at full speed toward the dormitory.

CHAPTER V

“THE SAME, OLD WORLD-BEATER”

It was Grannis's intention, as soon as Todd's wrath had cooled a little, to go to his room and restore him to good humor; but unfortunately, the opportunity did not come. By the time that Grannis had dressed, he had to take up his Latin books and run to a recitation. There Mr. Dean called on Todd to translate the opening passage. Todd stumbled over it for a moment, and then suddenly sat down. His face wore an expression of indifference, as if he were tired of making an effort. There was a moment of silence, and then Mr. Dean said:—

“Grannis, please translate.”

There was no adequate reason why Grannis should not have rendered the passage as well as he could; yet even while he was doing so, he had an uneasy consciousness that he was making his relations with Todd more difficult. He meant, however, to seize upon him immediately after the hour and compel him to listen

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to reason. That plan, unfortunately, was thwarted when Mr. Dean asked him to stop for a moment before leaving the room.

“Grannis,” said the master, “what I have seen leads me to think that you have considerable influence over Todd. If you have, I wish you could influence him to show more diligence in preparing his lessons. Unless he makes a decided improvement, he is not likely to last in the fifth form very long.”

“I’m afraid my influence with him is n’t great,” said Grannis.

“I saw part of your tennis-match to-day, and it struck me that in Todd you had an uncommonly zealous supporter.”

“Almost too zealous.”

“Well,” said the master, “loyalty to a friend is not a trait to be deplored.”

Grannis flushed; he felt that the remark contained a criticism of his own attitude.

“Todd is a good fellow,” he said. “Only he’s so fearfully enthusiastic at the wrong times. I’ll see if I can’t give him a hint, Mr. Dean.”

With this worthy purpose, and also with a somewhat humbled feeling, he set out to find

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his friend. There were but a few minutes before supper, but they would be enough for his diplomatic mission. Todd was in his room, brushing his stiff black hair and frowning at the mirror, when Grannis entered, and said, "Hello, Dan!"

Todd turned on him with angry face and flashing eyes.

"You're too smooth and pleasant for me," he said. "I'm too crude for you. You need n't bother with me any more—and I'm sure I won't bother you."

The sneer in the words was so unlike Todd that Grannis stared at him in astonishment.

"What's got into you?" he asked. "What have I done?"

"You don't like my style," said Todd. "That's enough. And for my part, I don't like the kind of friend who rubs in a fellow's failure—gets up in class with a smirk and shows how beautifully and easily he can do what I could n't."

"What would you expect me to do?" cried Grannis. "Flunk just because you did?"

"You were too flowery to suit me—too much the air of 'Now watch me do it.' I've

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had my eyes opened to-day; I guess I'll be able to tell a friend now when I see one."

"O Dan!"

"Don't try soft-soaping me!" Todd exclaimed roughly. "Keep that for Mr. Dean and the other masters."

Grannis turned without speaking and walked out of the door.

Thenceforth when the two met, they exchanged only the briefest and coldest greetings. Grannis's pride was roused; he felt that he had been insulted. Todd's pride was roused; he felt that the friendship he had given wholeheartedly had been indifferently returned.

In the Latin class Todd continued to give poor recitations or none at all, and Grannis continued to make his finished and easy translations.

After three or four days of this, Mr. Dean found an opportunity to ask Grannis if he had conveyed a warning to Todd.

"I fully intended to," replied Grannis. "But something I said was so offensive to him — of course I never meant it to be — that he hardly speaks to me now."

"That's unfortunate." Again Grannis was

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made uncomfortable by a feeling that Mr. Dean was looking at him with disappointed eyes — secretly measuring him, perhaps, by the memory of his father. "Perhaps you will be able to straighten matters out with him. He is likely to take a good many things amiss, but I had a feeling that you might help him."

"He takes remarks from me more amiss than anything else," said Grannis.

But he knew that he had not quite justified himself in Mr. Dean's eyes, and he felt hurt, as any one does on becoming aware that he has been disappointing. However, he did not see any way at present of altering the situation; as soon as Todd should show the slightest inclination toward friendliness he would more than meet it. The days went by without bringing this to pass.

Meanwhile, Grannis was enlarging the circle of his friends and finding a reëstablishment of the old relations with Todd less and less essential to his comfort. He was popular; Todd was not; and when they met in the corridor of the dormitory, or on the stairs, it became increasingly easy for Grannis to pass by with a pleasant word and nod. His manner on these

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occasions was always pleasant, just as Todd's was always surly. Grannis told himself that as soon as Todd's manner relaxed a little he would make overtures. But that did not happen.

From what he observed and heard, Grannis knew that Todd was being let pretty severely alone. Belknap had deeply resented Todd's remark that he always saw crooked, and being a sixth-former who was pretty well liked and who had some influence, he was able to rouse a sentiment unfavorable to Todd in quarters where otherwise it might never have existed. Thus his roommate was Tom Quintard, the half-mile runner and captain of the Corinthian football team. Quintard derived his knowledge of Todd from Belknap's recitals, and on the track looked with a curious eye at the newcomer who took the hurdles with such an easy stride. That Todd was a "mucker" was the information that Belknap and several others quite industriously circulated; and although probably no one could have defined the traits that were denoted by that opprobrious word, there were few who cared to risk their reputation by consorting freely with one who was generally thus designated.

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So Todd grew more grim and silent; if he had talked too much at one time, he now made the mistake of talking too little. He was brusque with those who would have been friendly, even with those who were practicing on the track. He grew more indifferent to the preparation of his lessons; in Latin he continued to make defective translations, and when Mr. Dean called him up one day after class, and told him that instead of reporting him for neglect the next afternoon, he would himself take an hour and go over the work with him, in the hope of giving him a better grip on it, Todd was sullen and exhibited resentment. He was running, he said; he would rather come at some other time — to which Mr. Dean replied that it was not especially convenient or agreeable to him to sacrifice that hour to help a careless pupil, and that Todd could have his choice of accepting the offer or doing Latin lines in the schoolroom. Todd accepted the offer, but chose to regard it none the less as an imposition. To Mr. Dean's painstaking instruction in that hour he gave only a perfunctory attention. At the end of the session Mr. Dean said:—

“Your position in the class and, in fact, in

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the school will be determined a month from now by the hour examinations. I strongly recommend to you that you put more time and thought on your studies. You look to me like a fellow who might be a good football-player. Failure in the hour examinations would disqualify you from taking part in any games. So it will be worth your while to work from now on."

Instead of taking this as kindly meant, Todd chose to think that Mr. Dean found pleasure in tormenting him, and would like nothing better than to disqualify him. So if there was a temporary improvement in his work, it was produced by fear rather than by encouragement, and it was unaccompanied by any kinder regard for the master.

The handicaps for the track sports were posted the day before the contests were to be held. Todd, scrutinizing the bulletin-board, observed that in the 120-yards hurdles he had received a handicap of five yards over Thatcher, a sixth-former, who had been the best hurdler in the school the preceding year. Instead of feeling pleased at being given such an advantage, Todd experienced indignation and

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resentment. He made the mistake of emitting his emotions at luncheon. Anderson, who sat near him, gave him a chance by saying:—

“You seem to have hypnotized the handicap committee, Champ. They must think you’re pretty fast — giving you only five yards over Thatcher.”

“Who are the handicap committee?” demanded Todd. “They’re idiots.”

“How much handicap do you think you ought to have?” asked Belknap.

“None. None at all. I want to run from scratch. I ought to.”

“Same old Todd,” remarked Belknap.
“Same old world-beater.”

Todd ignored the fling.

“Who does the handicapping, anyway?” he asked.

“The track committee — Edward Crashaw, Ken Bartlett, and Mr. Dean,” said Ridgely.

“Mr. Dean!” exclaimed Todd. “What does he know?”

“He was quite an athlete when he was younger. He follows everything now. Have n’t you seen him down at the field every afternoon?”

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“Yes, I’ve seen him wandering round. But I did n’t suppose he took any notice of what was going on.”

“I guess you’d be surprised to find out how much he knows about you and the time you’ve been making on the track.”

“Just the same, I don’t suppose he has really anything to say about the handicaps,” said Todd.

“You bet he has. Crashaw’s a Pythian, and Bartlett’s a Corinthian, and they’re pulling opposite ways every time. It’s Mr. Dean who decides everything.”

Therefore to Mr. Dean Todd posted as soon as luncheon was at an end. He found him going down the steps of the building.

“Mr. Dean!” he exclaimed, and Mr. Dean turned.

“Ah, Todd!” There was a twinkle in his eyes as he spoke. “You want to know just where your trouble came from to-day. It was twofold. You forgot that *utor*, *fruor*, *fungor*, *potior*, and *vescor* take the ablative, and you failed to remember the rule for conditions contrary to fact.”

“Yes, sir,” said Todd, with unwonted sub-

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missiveness, and he was rather nonplussed, and walked on for a moment in silence. Then he said, "It was n't about that I wanted to talk to you."

"Oh, was n't it? I'm disappointed. I thought I saw a fresh zeal for knowledge glowing in your eyes."

"Yes, I did want to know something," replied Todd. "I wanted to know if you would n't set me back to scratch in the hurdles, instead of giving me five yards over Thatcher."

"That's rather an unusual request," said Mr. Dean. "Generally there's a demand for more handicap rather than for less."

"It's no fun or honor to win with a handicap," Todd explained. "I think I'm fully as good as Thatcher; I don't want to take anything from him."

"It's always customary to give new boys a handicap, even though there is reason to believe that they're quite in the same class with those who have established their prestige. It's the courtesy we extend to inexperience."

"But I don't want any courtesy extended to me," said Todd.

"At the same time, when it does happen,

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it's advisable to accept it with a good grace. You will have an opportunity later to run on equal terms with Thatcher; there are no handicaps in the spring meet. If you beat Thatcher to-morrow by more than the amount of your handicap, you will receive the credit to which the performance will entitle you."

"So you won't let me start at scratch?" said Todd, with a disappointed glance at the master's face.

"I have n't the authority to make the change, even if I were disposed to do it. And the committee on handicaps has held its last meeting."

"Why would n't you be willing to do it if I got the other members of the committee to consent to the change?"

"Because," said Mr. Dean, "I am firmly of the opinion that in sport it is good discipline for a fellow to take cheerfully and without complaint whatever comes to him, whether he likes it or not."

Todd replied, "Well, I'll show you, just the same, that the handicap is a mistake."

"Perhaps so. I think it will do you good to win something."

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The implication that such an achievement would be rather exceptional stung Todd, and he walked away abruptly.

He gave up the attempt to have the handicap revised; instead, he dwelt unremittingly on the necessity of winning his race by such a margin as to make the handicap ridiculous.

He was disappointed to find that the track meet drew few spectators. Three scrub games of baseball were going on in various parts of the big field; the tennis-courts were all occupied; as it was a half-holiday, a good many boys had gone on foraging expeditions to the neighboring town. Todd pranced up and down alongside the straightaway stretch of the track, limbering up, and looking anxiously at the scattered groups near the finish-line, to see if they were composed of persons of importance. He was chagrined to find that most of them were youngsters from the Lower School; however, it was some consolation to observe that Crashaw was there, and Bartlett, and Mr. Dean. He also noticed that Grannis was in the group with Crashaw.

Quintard won the half-mile from scratch without awakening much enthusiasm. His

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friends had seen him win too often to be greatly thrilled; and his reputation was such that for him to leave every one else behind seemed only natural. He put on his dressing-gown and joined Crashaw and Grannis and Bartlett.

The high hurdles was the next race to be called; Todd leaped springily along the grass beside the track to his place. The hurdles were set in position; the runners, four in number, were assigned the distances of their handicaps. Thomas of the fourth form was twelve yards in advance of Todd, Mercer of the sixth was four yards ahead of him. Five yards behind him was Thatcher, a rangy, sinewy fellow, light-haired, blue-eyed, with a confident smile as Todd glanced back at him.

At the signal Todd leaped forward; he heard the swift rush of Thatcher's feet behind him, and he drew on all the power of his muscles. He flew along at the top of his speed; he took the first hurdle cleanly in his stride. At the second he overtook and passed Mercer; then he looked up and saw Thomas in the act of making a clumsy flight over the third. Just after the fourth hurdle he drew abreast of Thomas, who raced panting with him for a

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moment, and then fell behind; another moment, and Todd heard behind him only the rush of Thatcher's feet. Todd did not look back; he tossed his head and caught sight of the groups gathered about the finish-line, now about fifty yards away; he cleared the fifth hurdle and then the sixth, and felt with elation that the pursuing footsteps were a little less distinct; then he came down the home-stretch in a sprint. With his head back and his arms up, he broke the tape; there was a flutter of applause, a slight hand-clapping. Todd ignored it, turned back to look, saw Thatcher behind him, saw Crashaw and Grannis and Quintard and Mr. Dean. He ran up to that group, and cried, breathlessly:—

“How much did I beat him by? More than five yards?”

“A good seven,” Grannis answered, and Mr. Dean said:—

“Yes, you certainly demonstrated that you needed no handicap to win.”

“You’re pretty fast,” said Crashaw.

“I’m glad you saw me run, Crashaw,” said Todd. “I want to try for half-back on the eleven; I’m glad you saw what I can do.”

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“I’m glad I did, too,” said Crashaw; there was a humorous twinkle in his eyes. “Quintard here is captain of the Corinthian eleven; I guess he’s looking for material.”

“I don’t mean the Corinthian eleven; I mean the school eleven,” insisted Todd. “That’s what I want to try for.”

There was an awkward silence; Mr. Dean, feeling, perhaps, that his presence interfered with perfect freedom of speech, moved quietly away. Quintard wore an amused smile, Grannis looked distressed, Crashaw stroked his chin for a moment, and then grinned.

“They used to tell me I was fresh when I was a new kid,” he said at last. “So I oughtn’t to be hard on any new kid for being fresh. You show Quintard that you’re fit to play on his eleven, and then I’ll see whether you’re fit to play on the school.”

“I have n’t much idea that he’ll be fit to play on any eleven,” Quintard said coolly.

“Why not?” Todd demanded.

“Because a fellow who cries baby in tennis is n’t likely to be of much use in football.”

Todd flushed, and looked at Quintard with bright, angry eyes.



THEN HE CAME DOWN THE HOME STRETCH IN A SPRINT

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“Can’t a fellow ever live anything down?” he cried bitterly. He turned to Crashaw. “I thought you’d be square, I thought you’d give me a fair chance; I knew *he* never would — rooming with Belknap! I’d give twenty dollars right now to be a Pythian instead of a Corinthian — just so I could play against you, Quintard!”

He swept the Corinthian captain with one blazing look, turned the same for a moment on Grannis, and then ran for the clubhouse.

“Some fiery,” said Quintard, with a laugh.’

“Yes,” remarked Crashaw. “He may have some football in him, after all.”

Grannis said nothing; he felt that Todd accused him silently of having gone over to the enemy. He wished he had spoken up when Quintard made the slurring remark about the “baby act” in tennis.

CHAPTER VI

A CRY FOR HELP

FOUR days later, when Quintard called out candidates for the Corinthian elevens, Todd presented himself. Quintard looked him over, and assigned him to the third squad. This was composed of younger and lighter boys, third- and fourth-formers, mostly. Todd bit his lip, but obeyed orders without a protest. He spent fifteen minutes as half-back on one of the two third elevens, during which time he dragged tacklers about the field, threw them off, and dodged and bucked through the opposing line almost at will. Then Quintard called to him.

“You do know something about the game!” he said. “Go on the second eleven, and play at left half.”

Thereupon Quintard called on the second eleven to give the first eleven some practice. He took his place at left tackle on the first, and said, “Now, fellows, we’ll have some practice on the defense; let the second eleven have the ball.”

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Todd had to be acquainted by the quarter-back with the signals. The quarter-back was a fourth-former named Wheeler; he happened to have seen Todd win the high hurdles.

“Give me some chances to go through Quintard, will you?” said Todd.

“I’ll give you one right off; it may surprise him,” said Wheeler; and going to his place, he issued the signal.

Todd plunged forward, received the ball, and charged head down just as Quintard broke through the line. He caught Quintard with his left shoulder at the moment when the captain was reeling from the shove that his opponent had given him, and sent him sprawling; then he plunged on and made ten yards before Monroe, the rush-line half-back, brought him down.

Quintard got up, rubbing his shoulder; he avoided looking at Todd as he went to his place.

“Let me do it again,” Todd whispered in Wheeler’s ear.

But the quarter-back, although impressed by the performance, chose to direct the next play at the other side of the first eleven line, which stopped it without gain. Then he tried a mass

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play at center, and that also failed. For the third attempt he gave Todd his chance. This time Quintard had both feet on the ground, and when the rush came, he was ready. Todd ran squarely into his arms, and Quintard pulled him down — not, however, until he had been borne backward a couple of yards. Stewart, the right half-back, and Robinson, the full-back, failed to gain; and then Todd went through the center again for five yards. During the rest of the practice, while the second eleven were taking the offensive, he was the surest ground-gainer; he had weight and speed and courage. Finally, when the first eleven took the ball and began opening up holes in the opposing line, it was Todd's good work in the secondary defense that prevented long runs. At the end of the practice, he was congratulated by players on both elevens, but not by Quintard. The captain did not so much as glance at him, although he was not sparing of either praise or criticism of some of the others.

Todd came out to the practice day after day, was assigned always to the second eleven, played always the most brilliant and effective game of any one on that side, and never received

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any notice whatever from Quintard. It was, however, an increasing satisfaction to him to be appreciated by others, and to know that he was not the only one who wondered at a policy that kept him on the second. In undeserved adversity he had a better faculty for holding his tongue than in more favorable circumstances; and so, although his thoughts grew more and more bitter so far as Quintard was concerned, he did not utter them.

But as the days went by, and he was still held on the second eleven, and the excellence of his playing drew not one word or even look of appreciation from the captain, although it was conspicuous enough to be remarked upon by Mr. Randolph and even Mr. Dean, Todd nursed his grudge in silence. When he was given the signal to go through Quintard, he charged with a vindictive passion; and at the end of each day's practice he looked forward to the next, and the chance it would bring him of trampling on the captain and humiliating him.

Alfred Grannis, who was being tried out with the Pythians, was not particularly aware of the progress that Todd was making. He

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was himself much elated because Crashaw had put him at left half-back on the first eleven, and had told him that he was showing up well in that position. It was, on the whole, not a difficult position to fill, for Crashaw at right half made a most formidable and effective interferer for all the left half-back's runs. Grannis, although not a speedy or strong runner unaided, was quick and clever at following interference, and was just the sort of running mate that a brilliant back like Crashaw required. The fact that he was playing on the first and Todd on the second made him all the more averse to questioning Todd, who would be only too likely to interpret any interest as condescending. But one day a letter came to Grannis that perplexed him. It was as follows:

DEAR ALFRED,—Perhaps you will wonder at my addressing you in this way, especially as I don't know you very well; but I remember our talk in Dr. Davenport's room the day that Mr. Todd and I were entering Daniel in the school, and I have thought of you often since, for you seemed to me the right sort of friend for Daniel to have. It pleased me when his first

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letters came, and told of your being together so much. But now it has been a long time since Daniel has written home, and although I feel sure that if he was sick or had met with an accident I should have been notified, I cannot help feeling anxious. I have written and written to him, but he does not reply to my letters. It troubles me to think that things may not be going well with him, and that that is why he does not write. Please don't speak of it to him; but if you would take the trouble to send me a line, just to tell me how he is and how he is getting along, I should be so grateful.

Can't we count on having a visit from you during the Christmas vacation?

Sincerely yours,

HELEN TODD.

Grannis had some difficulty in answering this letter. He finally wrote:—

DEAR MRS. TODD,—Dan is very well indeed. I should be able to give you more news of him, but he is playing football with the Corinthians and I am playing with the Pythians, and we don't see so much of each other as

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before the football season began. I suppose the reason he has not written to you is because he is so busy. It is awfully hard to write letters here; there is always such a lot going on.

It is very kind of you to ask me to visit you during the Christmas vacation. I am very much afraid, though, that it will not be possible, as I expect to go home to my grandmother in Milwaukee.

Sincerely yours,

ALFRED GRANNIS.

He felt that it was rather cold and unsatisfactory. "But what else can I say?" he asked himself. It occurred to him that a postscript might be reassuring, so he added, "Don't worry about Dan; he's all right." That seemed to him to give the letter a little more graciousness, and so he dispatched it.

He heard no more from Mrs. Todd; and he felt a little disturbed, thinking that perhaps she had read between the lines, after all, and had been hurt by what she found there intimated. Her letter had the effect of reawakening Grannis's interest in her son. He made inquiries, and learned then of the work that Todd

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was doing on the second eleven, and the failure of the captain to appreciate it. That was unfortunate; there was certainly nothing that he could do that could help matters. Anyway, it was apparent that some of the fellows were beginning to appreciate Todd's abilities; and so one afternoon, when they happened to walk into the athletic house together after practice, Grannis said:—

“Dan, I hear that you make all the touch-downs for your team. You ought to be playing with us.”

Todd only grunted. Yet he did it in a not unfriendly way, and it seemed to Grannis better than some boastful and splenetic outburst. After a moment, Todd surprised him still more by saying:—

“You're beating me out. You're playing on the first.”

“I don't know how much longer I'll be there. From all I hear, you ought to be on the first, too.”

Todd shrugged his shoulders; then the two boys separated and went to their lockers.

From that moment relations between them acquired a new warmth. There was not quite

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the old cordiality and intimacy, because Todd continued to show reserve; from having been one who was constantly proclaiming himself, he now seemed one who chose to avoid touching on that subject. He never complained to Grannis of the fact that he was kept on the second eleven, and he had become so silent at the dinner-table that those who, like Ridgely and Belknap, had formerly taken pleasure in taunting him, now found this a dull form of sport, and soon abandoned it entirely.

But for all his outward calm and dignity, he was inwardly consumed with wrath and a passionate desire to vindicate himself; and more and more each day he looked forward to the football practice as to a personal encounter between himself and Quintard. He took no such pleasure in attacking any other spot in the line as he found in charging at the captain. Quintard was a strong player, but he found it hard to defend his position against Todd's rushes. He never spoke to Todd. He crouched low and tackled hard; and when Todd successfully hurled him aside and tore past, he picked himself up and went to his position in grim silence.

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Whenever any other player on the second eleven made a gain or a good tackle, Quintard had an appreciative word for him — but for Todd, never. So it was no wonder that bitterness grew in Todd's breast. He saw filling his place on the first eleven Robert Stevens, a sixth-former and close friend of Quintard. As a half-back, Stevens seldom made such gains through the line of the second eleven as Todd made daily against the first. In tackling, Stevens was slow and a little cautious. But he had played on the eleven the year before, and Quintard apparently had confidence in him; at least, he seldom took the trouble to comment on his mistakes.

One afternoon, two weeks before the game with the Pythians, Todd had dressed and was passing out of the locker building when Quintard, who was tying a shoe, looked up and spied him.

“Todd,” he called out, in a voice that sounded peremptory and unpleasant, “wait a moment! I want to speak to you.”

Todd waited rebelliously. He knew that the captain, who had for days abstained from addressing him at all, now addressed him in this fashion merely to affront him. He sup-

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posed that Quintard was going to drop him again to the third eleven, and he was prepared, as soon as that happened, to let loose all his pent-up indignation.

Quintard tied his necktie and brushed his hair very deliberately, flicked the dust from his coat and trousers, and seemed in every possible way to keep Todd waiting. At last he joined him, and they left the building together.

“You’ll play left half on the first after this,” Quintard said abruptly.

Todd’s set and sullen face lighted in a flash, He turned toward Quintard with open lips and questioning eyes. Quintard met his look with a faint smile.

“Of course for some time past I’ve been meaning to put you on the first,” he explained. “You’re miles better than Stevens. But I wanted to make sure you could take discipline. You had such a swelled head — and that performance of yours in the tennis tournament was such a baby act! I must say you’ve shown a better spirit in practice than I ever supposed you would.”

Quintard’s blunt remarks were not very pleasing to Todd, and he did not admit their

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justice. However, he received the criticism in silence. Quintard paused long enough to make sure that he had felt the full weight of it, and then proceeded:—

“I’ve kept you on the second eleven as long as I’ve dared. It’s time for you now to learn our signals and get into our team-play. And before you can do that satisfactorily, you’ve got to have a little friendlier feeling for me. Up till now I have n’t wanted you to have a friendly feeling. You were giving me better practice because you hated me so hard.” A twinkle made its appearance in Quintard’s eyes and a smile passed over his face. “When you made a rush for me, I always knew it was the real thing. You run with the ball more like Ned Crashaw than anybody I ever saw. Our line could n’t have had a better preparation for stopping Crashaw’s rushes. I never got so much practice in defensive work in my life. Now if you’ll only play as well because you’re on the team as you did because you were n’t on it, I think you and I will get along.”

“I’ll try,” said Todd.

He parted from Quintard at the dormitory, and ran upstairs to his room with light and

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joyous feet. He did not stop to think that he was happy now over a thing that not very long ago he had despised — playing on the Corinthian team under Quintard; he did not stop to think of the days when nothing but a place on the school eleven would have contented his ambition. He was happy because of this small achievement — and because Quintard had shaken his hand.

When he reached his room, he found that he had still five minutes before it would be necessary to start for his Latin class. In the next room he heard Grannis stirring round, and he felt suddenly that he would like to have Grannis know of his altered state of mind. Along with the unexpected taste of happiness had come a warmer feeling for him who had been his first friend. He would not say a word to anybody else about his promotion, — the chastisement he had passed through had made him shy of boasting, — but it would be good fun to have Grannis hear of it from his own lips.

So he went in and told him; he called Grannis “Granny,” just as he had done before.

“Oh, now we’ll buck up against each other!” cried Grannis. “At least, if I can hold my

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place. I just knew Quintard could n't be quite so mean as he seemed. I'm so glad, Dan!"

They walked down to the study together, and felt nearer to each other than ever before, as friends are likely to feel who have quarreled and repented and become reconciled. It was not till they climbed the stairs to the recitation-room that Todd remembered he had not prepared his Latin.

"I'll turn over a new leaf to-morrow," he said to himself earnestly. In the light of his success, his sullen neglect of lessons seemed to him discreditable. He had felt that masters as well as boys were against him, and he had shown his resentment by ignoring the tasks that they had given him to do.

He was the first one whom Mr. Dean called on to recite. He rose to his feet; he knew only about half the words of the passage, and he guessed wildly at the others. He was not allowed to proceed very far.

"Todd," said Mr. Dean, in his most cold and severe voice, "have you made the slightest attempt to prepare this lesson?"

"No, sir," said Todd.

"Your honesty does you credit," observed

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Mr. Dean. "But your mark is, as usual, zero. You may sit down. Palmer, please translate."

Todd sank into his seat, and for the rest of the hour kept his attention fixed upon the lesson. He was sorry; he would not let that sort of failure happen again. The next day, by gracious, he would give as perfect a recitation as Alfred Grannis himself; he would sit up in his room that very night, studying until a late hour. If he was going to play on the first Corinthian eleven, he was also going to maintain a fitting standard of scholarship.

These violent resolves were forming in his mind even while he strove to follow the glib translations and fluent commentaries on the text that were furnished by the scholars of the class. Grannis was called on to translate, and Todd listened with warm-hearted admiration — different from the cold envy that Grannis's recent performances had inspired in him. What an intellect that boy had! How under the sun was it possible to remember the meanings of so many strange words and transpose into smooth English so many inverted and senseless constructions! Todd listened with wonder and attentiveness, and felt glad that he and Grannis

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were on good terms again. Now, if he found himself perplexed by anything in the lessons, he could go to Grannis for help.

He was working out these hopeful possibilities and high resolves when, at the end of the hour, Mr. Dean shocked him and many others by saying:—

“To-morrow, instead of the usual recitation, there will be an hour examination in Room 15. It will be a matter of some importance — particularly to those whose records are a bit shaky. It will give them an opportunity, in the words of Browning, ‘to sink or rise i’ the scale.’”

He shed a gleaming, somewhat frosty smile upon the class, which responded with a perfunctory snicker. Palmer, who was one of the best scholars, raised his hand.

“What sort of an examination will it be, Mr. Dean?” he asked. “Sight translation, or what we have been over?”

“A little of both,” replied Mr. Dean.

The class filed out of the room more seriously than usual. Todd was not the only football-player whose position was in danger; there were Hanley and Pike of the Pythians, and Willard of the Corinthians, who had not been

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doing any too well, and who would have been glad to shun or at least defer this test. And of the same mind were other cheerful, lazy lads, who were not athletes, but who had contrived to spend an inordinate amount of time in irresponsible social intercourse.

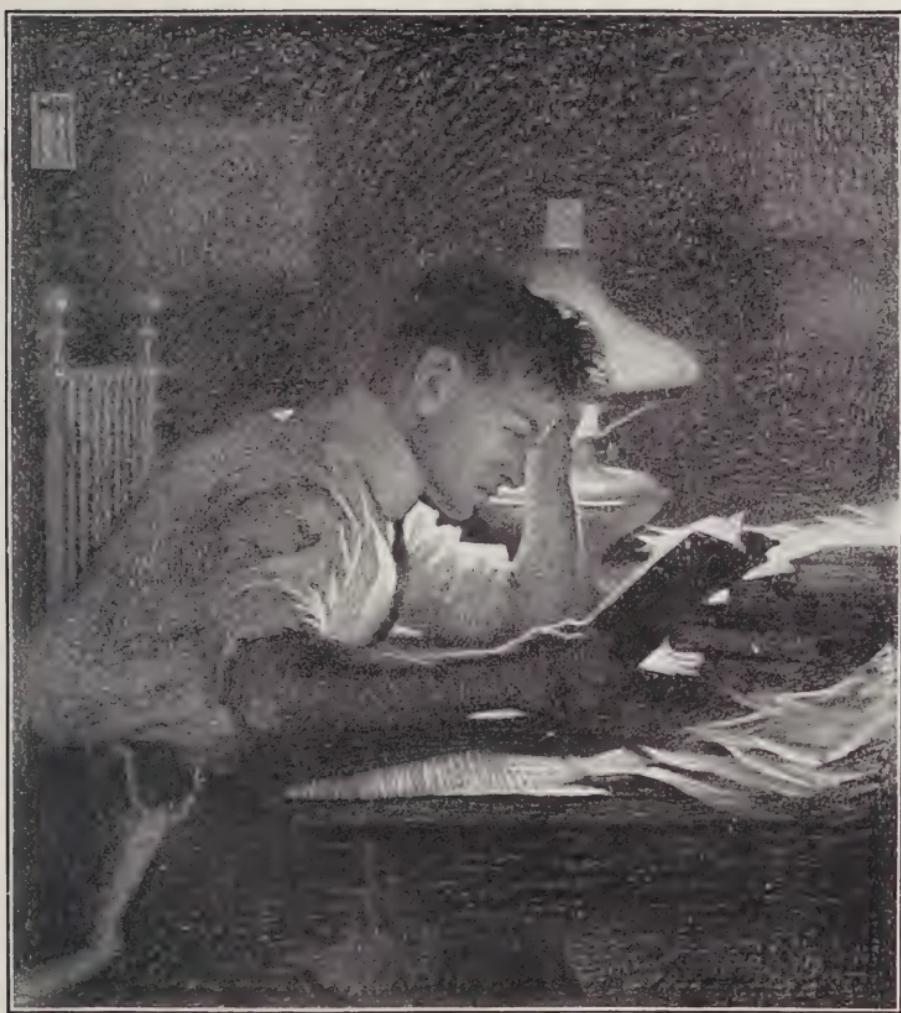
“Is n’t old Dean a lobster!” was the exclamation uttered by more than one in the corridor. “To spring a thing like that on us!”

Todd, although he felt as sobered and apprehensive as anybody, did not echo the censure; he knew that Mr. Dean had given him fair warning, and had tried at some personal inconvenience to help him. He wished now, with all his heart, that he had been more responsive to assistance; he wished it even more when Quintard came up to him before supper that evening, and said:—

“There’s one thing I meant to speak of, Todd. It’s important you should keep up in your studies; if you get low marks, you may be forbidden to play on the team. You must n’t let that happen.”

“I’ll try not to,” said Todd.

And that evening he never looked up once from his *Virgil*. For the first time in his life



THAT EVENING HE NEVER LOOKED UP FROM HIS VERGIL

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he was sorry when the gong announced the end of the study period — he had accomplished so little in the way of review, and there was so much still to be done. He took his Latin books to his room, and sat up studying until the hour when all lights had to be out; then he went to bed and lay awake for a long time, struggling to remember rules of grammar and idioms, and making mental notes of things that he must certainly look up in the morning.

But when the morning came, there were other lessons that had to be prepared; and in the afternoon there was that first important football practice with the first eleven. Todd hurled himself into it with a boundless enthusiasm. At tackle on the second there was no Quintard to oppose his rushes; he tore great holes in the weaker line, and made touchdown after touchdown. “Great!” said Quintard, time and again. “Great!” And his appreciation and encouragement were now as marked as his silence had been before. Todd forgot everything but the success and joy of the moment; he was having the best time that he had known since coming to St. Timothy’s.

Certainly that afternoon he established his

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place as half-back on the Corinthian eleven. But when the practice was over, and he was leaving the field, the thought of the ordeal which in half an hour he was to face returned to him, and made him cold with nervousness. After having tasted this happiness and success, surely he was not to be deprived of it.

Yet when he took his seat in the schoolroom, he realized with a sinking heart that of all the pages of Virgil in which the class were to be examined, he had neglected nearly half.

From the platform Mr. Randolph announced:—

“The fifth-form Latin class will have an examination in Room 15.”

That was the large room at the top of the building. Mr. Dean was there, awaiting his class. There were rows of desks, each with a chair, all facing the master’s platform.

“Take your seats at every other desk,” said Mr. Dean. “The desk on either hand of each fellow is to be left vacant.”

This precaution, to prevent any boy from receiving aid from a neighbor, emphasized the seriousness of the test. Todd slipped into a chair near the door; Grannis took the seat

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directly in front of him. When he sat down, by tipping back in his chair, he could balance himself against the edge of Todd's desk.

At the other end of the room, Mr. Dean began passing round the examination papers and books. A panic seized Todd. He had never been good at Latin; he had neglected it from the first. No, he never could pass. And yet he must pass, he must; he could not afford now to lose the chance that he had won.

He leaned forward and nudged Grannis's shoulder. Grannis turned, and was startled by the look of appeal and fright in Todd's eyes.

"Granny," Todd whispered, "when you read over your book, lean back and hold it up, will you? Do it every now and then, Granny."

Todd's voice and eyes were eager and pleading. Grannis did not at once take in the nature of the request; when he did, his look of smiling inquiry gave place to an expression of troubled uncertainty. Before he could answer, Mr. Dean had approached, dealing out examination papers and books.

Grannis turned to his desk and became absorbed in the study of the paper. Todd received

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his paper, glanced over it, and put it down. There were two passages to translate, with questions on each. Todd could not remember ever having seen either of them before. After studying the paper for five minutes, he leaned back in his chair. There were too many words he did not know; he could not translate those passages and make sense of them.

CHAPTER VII

VAIN INTERCESSION

AFTER gazing despairingly at the examination-paper, Todd began to write; he had a vague hope that although he could not make the passage intelligible to his ear or eye, the manual process of putting words on paper might uncover a clue to the meaning. With many pauses and much torture of mind he wrote; and he was dishearteningly aware that although he occasionally detected and rendered sensibly a brief phrase, the meaning of the passage as a whole remained shrouded in darkness. At the end of twenty minutes he read over what he had written,—he had then finished the first of the two passages,—and was plunged into hopeless dejection. The most kindly disposed examiner could not accept such blind and empty stuff.

Meanwhile, Alfred Grannis had been working away; he had spent eight or ten minutes running through the paper, and finding that it presented no special difficulty. He had then

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begun to write; leisurely and easily his translation flowed along. The first passage he remembered perfectly and its context; to render it into English was a task hardly more than mechanical. So it was that even while he wrote his thoughts were troubled by the request that Todd had made of him in the moment before the examination began.

Mr. Dean sat at the desk on the platform, correcting exercises, occasionally casting a glance about the room. It would certainly be easy, Grannis decided, to loll back in his chair, and with his book raised aloft, give Todd a chance to note its contents without attracting Mr. Dean's attention or suspicion. But he was reluctant to do this; it was contrary to the creed in which he had been brought up. He felt that if he did what Todd asked, he would be an accessory in a dishonorable act. If he declined to do it, he might appear a disobliging prig. What made a virtuous decision particularly hard was that he knew pretty well the straits that Todd was in, and the penalty that would be meted out to him for failure. If, literally, by just raising his hand for a while, he could pull Todd out of his difficulty, it was,

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perhaps, a pretty hard code of honor that forbade it.

He seemed to be working these thoughts out with one part of his brain while the other part was busy over the Latin. He finished the first passage and looked at his watch; there were still forty minutes left of the hour. He leaned back in his chair to think more carefully; he felt Todd nudge his shoulder twice, urgently. On the instant he made up his mind; without looking round, he shook his head. Then he leaned forward again and bent over his desk.

Usually he found some pleasure in rendering the Latin passages into the best English that he could command; the things that had been real to the imagination of the Latin poet he enjoyed making real to his own. And he had, too, a certain feeling for language which caused him to take an artistic satisfaction in fitting to the theme the most expressive words that he could find.

But now he performed his task carelessly, with a mind aloof; he contented himself with giving a literal rendering, correct enough, but clumsy. He was troubled in mind; he felt

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that he had been ungenerous, that now Todd never would forgive him — and just when they had succeeded in reëstablishing pleasant relations! After all, it was not much that Todd had asked; to get a little furtive help in a crisis did not mean that a fellow was really dishonest. Todd's standing in the school, his chance of success and popularity and happiness might really rest on the passing of this examination.

"If I'd done what he wanted, he'd have been forever grateful," thought Grannis. "And as it is, he'll be forever sore."

He finished his paper and again looked at his watch. There were still twenty minutes left of the hour. After all, it was not too late to help Todd; a fellow could do a good deal in twenty minutes, he could get a passing mark, anyway.

Grannis leaned back in his chair and reached out to take up his book. Then suddenly he felt that he must not, that both he and Todd would afterward be sorry if he did. Before temptation could assail him again, he rose, took his book, and laid it on Mr. Dean's desk.

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"Finished so soon, Grannis?" Mr. Dean asked in surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"All right. You're excused, of course."

Grannis walked down the aisle to the door. His heart smote him when he saw Todd, bent in the attitude of one writing, yet not writing — his left hand rubbing his forehead in perplexity. Todd did not glance up when Grannis passed.

Outside of the building, Grannis stretched his arms over his head, took a long breath, and expelled it in a sigh. He felt discontented and uncomfortable, and it was small consolation to think that if he had been less virtuous he might have been even less contented. He knew that Todd must resent his unkindness. And yet he could hardly wait to find out what Todd's attitude toward him would be. He loitered in front of the building; it was growing dark; the lights were turned on in the hall, and he went inside and waited at the foot of the stairs down which his classmates must come. Pretty soon Tom McKee, who was one of the best scholars, appeared.

"Cinch, was n't it?" he said cheerfully.

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“Yes, cinch,” replied Grannis.

McKee went whistling on down the stairs and out of the door. Others came stringing along, most of them fellows who had good records; two or three gathered round Grannis and asked how he had translated this or that line, and gave exclamations of satisfaction or dismay, according as their own interpretation had or had not corresponded with his. The time passed, but still Todd did not appear; evidently he was trying, up to the very last moment. Finally, the bell struck; there was a flood of boys issuing from the schoolroom, and another torrent pouring down from the recitation-room; Grannis held his place and scanned the descending figures. Among the last came Todd; he did not catch sight of Grannis until he reached the bottom step. Then he looked agitated, and beckoned and called out:—

“Granny! Granny! Come here a moment!”

The two boys drew aside from the main current, and under a light looked together at the examination-paper.

“These four lines — how do they go?” Todd asked.

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Grannis translated them. When he had finished, Todd exclaimed:—

“Well, I’m dished! No, I didn’t get anything right. If I’d got those lines right, I might have guessed out the rest. I just wanted a hint or two from you, Granny, to start me right; I didn’t mean to copy your book.”

“No, I know,” Grannis said hurriedly. “Anyway, I guess you passed, Dan; and if you didn’t I’ll help you to make it up, so that you’ll be all right for football. I know Mr. Dean won’t be hard on you.”

Todd shook his head. “I made a mess of it; I didn’t pass. If everything depended on your passing an examination, Granny, and you were as poor at it as I am, would n’t you get a little help if you could?”

“I don’t know what I might n’t do under stress,” said Grannis. “But if I did do it, I’d feel that I had n’t lived up to—to my father’s principles.”

“H’m! My father would n’t care,” said Todd. Then, as if suddenly seized with a sense of the disloyalty in that remark, he flushed, and added, “About a little thing like an examination, I mean. Of course he’s as

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square himself as any man. But about examinations — why, he knows I'm dull at them, and he used to laugh and say that he was the same way himself. He told me once he never would have got through his high-school examination in history if he had n't had a lot of dates written out on his shirt-cuff. He said he thought most examinations were just a game where the teacher tries to catch the boys, and he does n't blame the fellows that try to get ahead of the teacher. And anybody that ever did business with my father will tell you he 's square."

Grannis felt uncomfortable; he did not know just what to reply.

"Of course people look at things differently," he said. "And that kind of thing just happened to be one that my father made a point of. I'll help you always with your Latin, Dan, any way I can — outside of examinations."

The bell rang, summoning them to the last hour of study before supper. Grannis felt more sorry for Todd than before. It suddenly seemed to him that Todd had unconsciously revealed the source of his weaknesses. Grannis

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remembered the glimpses he had had of Mr. Todd, his blatancy and self-confident aggressiveness, which had been transmitted to his son. And if Dan's father was in the habit of boasting of how he had outwitted teachers, Dan himself was hardly to blame for his willingness to do the same.

Grannis was so troubled by Todd's probable failure that during the next hour he had his mind less on his book than on the problem of how to avert disastrous consequences. He decided that very evening to have a talk with Mr. Dean, and shortly after supper he presented himself at the master's rooms. Mr. Dean was seated at his desk with the pile of fifth-form examination books before him. Apparently justice was to be executed speedily.

"Mr. Dean," said Grannis, "I'm sorry to bother you. But would you mind telling me—if a fellow's playing on one of the football teams, and flunks the examination that we had to-day, does that mean that he can't play any more?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Dean, "failure in an examination disqualifies one for taking part in the championship games. I haven't reached

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your book yet, Grannis; I trust that you don't feel that your chances are threatened?"

He smiled. Grannis answered seriously:—

"No, sir. But there's a friend of mine that I'm afraid did n't do very well, and yet I hope that you 'll let him pass. He does n't know that I've come to you."

"I suppose you refer to Todd."

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps your fears about him are unwarranted. I impressed on him some time ago the necessity of his studying if he wanted to play football."

"Of course I don't know how well he did," said Grannis. "But he seemed to be feeling pretty blue. And now that he 's at last got a good start, it would be a pity if it should be spoiled."

"Yes, I should be sorry, too, if that should happen. But one must not expect immunity because one 's an athlete. Neglect is all the more inexcusable in such a case, since the penalty for it is perfectly well understood."

"Yes, but Todd thought that he would n't be given a chance to play on the first eleven, and that everybody was down on him; and

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for a while he did n't feel like trying, at his studies or anything.”

“Some lessons have to be enforced,” said Mr. Dean. “However, as I said, this anxiety of yours may be unfounded. I hope so. In any case, Todd has more to thank you for than this attempt to intercede.”

“I don't understand,” said Grannis.

“He asked you for aid in the examination, and you refused it. If you had given it, I should of course have marked him zero, besides inflicting a more severe penalty.”

“I — why, what makes you think Todd did such a thing as that?”

Mr. Dean smiled at Grannis's evidence of wonder and confusion, and at the rather clumsy attempt to protect Todd's reputation.

“One isn't a master for some years without acquiring a certain facility in detecting such attempts. In an examination-room a master is often perfectly capable of reading exercises and observing what goes on. Todd nudged you and called for help, and you shook your head; it was very creditable to your strength of mind to say no at such a time.”

“I'm sorry you saw it, for I'm afraid it will

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prejudice you against Todd. And he's really all right, Mr. Dean."

"I will promise you that his mark will not be affected by that lapse. I will mark him on the merits of his work. You're playing on the Pythians, and he's one of the strongest players on the Corinthians. The interest that you take in his standing is rather exceptional."

"Of course I want him to play!" cried Grannis. "He's my friend!"

"Good!" said Mr. Dean. "That's the way your father would have answered."

Because of this pleasant tribute, Grannis went away hoping that his efforts might, after all, influence Mr. Dean to view Todd's work with some special leniency.

Todd did not confide his fears to any one but Grannis. The next morning at breakfast he received a letter from his mother that made him feel rather badly. She was delighted to hear from him after his long silence, and to know that he was succeeding so well with his football and was so happy. She had been afraid that he was a little homesick, and indeed she had even hoped that he might be; but now she knew that she liked nothing so much as to

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be told that he was successful. She hoped, too, that he would not neglect his studies, but would do as well in them as in athletics. It made Todd blue to think that probably in another day he would have to write to her that he had failed in both.

That afternoon in the football practice he forgot his anxiety and depression. Quintard had been engaged the last few days in developing a tandem play against right tackle; this was the first practice in which the three backs succeeded in making it work smoothly. Todd carried the ball, and time after time was sent plunging through the line of the second for long gains.

“It’s a winner, it’s a winner!” cried Quintard enthusiastically. “Not even Ned Crashaw can stop us! You go at the line like a bull, Todd, old buck!”

The praise was sweet to Todd’s ears.

“Oh,” he thought, “if I were only playing against the Pythians to-day!”

The practice ended; Todd changed his clothes and walked up to the Study with foreboding.

When he entered Mr. Dean’s Latin class, his heart was knocking against his ribs. He

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was amazed that he could be so agitated over the outcome of an examination. He tried to calm himself; he encouraged himself by thinking of the few things that he had answered correctly; perhaps Mr. Dean would be impressed by them, and would let him pass.

The recitation opened just as usual. Early in the lesson Todd was called on to recite; he had prepared this lesson as carefully as he could, and although he blundered and hesitated, he made a creditable translation. Mr. Dean spoke kindly to him, helped him when he stumbled, nodded approvingly when he had finished. Todd sat down with a feeling of new confidence and hope.

But at the end of the hour Mr. Dean said:—

“I will ask Cantrell, Payson, and Todd to stop and speak with me for a few moments.”

Todd swallowed hard. Grannis gave him a sympathetic glance. Everybody knew what had happened. Everybody could have predicted that Cantrell and Payson would not pass. To be bracketed with those two carried but one implication.

The class was dismissed; the three boys gathered round Mr. Dean’s desk — Cantrell, a

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lanky, foolishly jocular youth, with a feeble chin, and an air of smiling bravado, Payson indolent, indifferent, bored-looking, and Todd, downcast and humiliated.

“I am sorry to say,” began Mr. Dean, “that you boys failed the examination, and must therefore go upon probation at once. That means that unless your work shows noteworthy improvement, you will be set back into the fourth form. It also means that while you are on probation you are barred from taking part in any of the school athletic contests.”

“That does n’t worry me much,” remarked Cantrell. “Of course, if you will make the examinations so hard, Mr. Dean, somebody has to flunk.”

“I am afraid, Cantrell, that you always feel foreordained on such occasions,” replied Mr. Dean. “Now you fellows are too old either to smile or to sulk over such a matter. You ’ve been slipshod and shirking, you ’ve got whatever fun there was to be derived from neglecting your work; now you must pay the piper. Put some heart into the effort to square yourself, and not just a brave face upon mis-

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fortune. That's all well enough — but it's the heart in the work that counts."

Cantrell and Payson lingered awkwardly a moment; then the one with a grin, the other with a shrug, they turned and sauntered out of the room. Todd remained.

"Mr. Dean," he said, "can't I make up my failure?"

"It rests entirely with yourself," said Mr. Dean.

"If I worked hard and did well — how soon could I get off probation?"

"At the end of a month. Probation is supposed always to last a month at least."

"The football games will be all over by that time," said Todd disconsolately.

"Yes. But there will be hockey, and the winter sports coming on."

"I care more about football than anything else. Don't you suppose, if I did awfully well, there'd be a chance of my being allowed to play against the Pythians, Mr. Dean?"

"That game is ten days from now, isn't it? No, I'm afraid not. Probation has to last long enough to be a test. Besides, you've been so neglectful that you could n't possibly make

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up your arrears of work in the next ten days."

"I'd try awfully hard," pleaded Todd.

"No use." Mr. Dean shook his head decisively. "A month is the period of probation. At the end of that time we raise a fellow up or we drop him, according to his record and his earnestness."

Todd walked away, with sorrow in his heart.

He did not see how he should have the courage to face Quintard and tell him that he was disqualified.

Certainly during the next hour of study he did not have his attention on his work. The thoughts that simmered in his mind during that hour boiled over when he walked up to the dormitory with Grannis.

"Why do they think I need a month's probation?" he demanded bitterly "Have n't I been on probation right along, by everybody, ever since I came to St. Timothy's? Have n't I been thrown down and thrown down every time I've tried to do anything? What's the use? Everybody here is trying to break me. I'm sick of it; I'm going to pack up to-night

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and clear out. My father will start me to work in the factory."

"Maybe he would and maybe he would n't," said Grannis. "If you went home like that, he might ship you straight back here. Don't do anything foolish."

"I would n't come back," declared Todd. "I'd shift for myself; I'd earn a living somehow."

"You 're taking this too hard," Grannis said. "You 're not the first fellow that 's flunked an examination."

"You don't think it 's the examination that I care about, do you?" Todd's voice was scornful.

"Well, then, you 're not the first fellow that 's been disappointed about playing in a game. So don't take it harder than anybody else."

"Oh, it is n't only that!" cried Todd. "They trusted me — Quintard trusted me — and I failed him!"

Grannis was startled by the sincerity of this lament — startled and touched.

"You go to Quintard and tell him how you 're feeling," he advised. "Quintard will be decent about it."

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“Go to him! I certainly won’t. I won’t go near him. He can find it out for himself. I don’t care how.”

Grannis did not make any comment. He parted from Todd at the foot of the dormitory stairs, and ran hastily over to the cottage near by, where Quintard had his room. He found Quintard there, engaged upon a diagram of football plays.

“Hello, you young Pythian spy!” exclaimed Quintard, covering his diagram with his hand. “What are you snooping round about?”

“I wanted to talk with you about one of your team,” Grannis answered. “Todd’s in hard luck — flunked his Latin and on probation.”

“Oh, the deuce!” Quintard’s look of vexation matched the emphasis of his speech. “The darned chump — the stupid idiot — the — ”

“Oh, don’t go for him like that,” Grannis urged. “That’s what I came to see you about. The poor duck is so busted up that he does n’t dare to tell you himself. He thinks he’s forever disgraced — talks about running away and going to work in a glass factory.”

“Well,” said Quintard, “he might as well.

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He 's made a mess of the finest offensive play that ever originated in the mind of man."

"He'll do a lot yet for you Corinthians if you 'll only hang on to him," Grannis declared. "And for the school, too. But the way he 's feeling now, if you jump on him, he 'll go kiting out of St. Timothy's without stopping to pack his trunk."

"Is n't he an idiot!" mused Quintard. "I'll get hold of him after supper."

During the meal Todd did not once glance at Quintard, who sat at a neighboring table. He kept his eyes on his plate, and made no attempt to join in the conversation. Ridgely, whose whole manner toward him had recently undergone a change, commented agreeably on the work he had done that afternoon in practice, and Belknap heartily concurred in the praise, but Todd seemed not even interested.

When they were leaving the dining-room, Quintard overtook Todd, grasped him by the arm, and drew him to one side.

"What 's gone wrong, old man?" he asked. "Tell me about it."

"I can't," Todd said. And then, almost immediately, he blurted out, "Oh, well, you 've

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got to know. I flunked my Latin; I'm on probation."

"That's hard luck. Do you suppose it would do any good if I went up and saw Mr. Dean?"

"No, not a bit. I had a long talk with him. I must stay on probation a month, at least, and that puts me out of football."

"I don't wonder you feel broken up," said Quintard. "It's pretty tough. I'm afraid it will break our team up, too. But any fellow's likely to strike a snag in an examination."

"I was a fool," said Todd. "I was grouchy, and did n't study; I did n't care. Then when I wanted to, it was too late."

"Sit down here." Quintard drew Todd down on a window-seat in a recess where they could talk undisturbed. "You know, it's a good deal my fault that you flunked that examination. In a way, it serves me right—though it's hard on you."

"Your fault! I don't see that."

"Oh, I was just as unfair to you as I could be. I disliked you, and I had it in for you, and I felt it was good for you to be turned down. I made a mistake, because, you see, it got you too utterly discouraged. You felt

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that there was no use in trying, and everybody was against you — and so you let your studies and everything else slide. Now you and I both have to take the consequences. It's my fault as much as it is yours. Do you want to show that you don't lay it up against me?"

"Yes," said Todd.

"Then come out and play your old game in practice on the second. You can do a lot for us in that way. You can help our line to get used to the idea of some of Ned Crashaw's rushes. It will be a splendid thing for them to have to play every day against a strong offense. You can help the team a lot by playing against it — even if not so much as by playing with it. I tell you, we'll all appreciate it, if you only will. There is n't much glory in it for you, but if you want to help us out, there's your chance."

"Do you think it would really be of any help to you and the team?" Todd asked.

"I certainly do."

"All right, if you think that. I'm much obliged."

With this undemonstrative acknowledgment, Todd rose and walked away.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCRUB

THE spectacle of Todd playing again on the scrub excited consternation and inquiry among those loyal Corinthians who were as yet unacquainted with the fact of his misfortune. When they heard the explanation, not all of them were as lenient in their judgment as Quintard had been. "Bonehead" and "mutt" were the opprobrious terms that they applied to him while they stood upon the side-lines, viewed his successful attacks upon the first eleven, and mournfully reflected that no such plunges would now be made against the Pythian defense. A few were disposed to include Mr. Dean in their condemnation, and to say that as he was a Pythian, he had not been sorry to find an excuse for dealing a blow to the Corinthian hopes. But that sentiment did not gain wide circulation or belief; there was too general a confidence in Mr. Dean's sportsmanship.

Todd fully realized that there was now

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reproach in eyes that a short time before had shone with admiration. He felt again the coolness of those who had given him a rather grudging friendliness. One of the things most galling to his pride was the consciousness that these persons had now settled back, and were saying, complacently, "We were right in the first place. He was no good, after all." He felt that at the table this was what Ridgely and Belknap were thinking, what they remarked quietly to each other, when they were not deterred by Quintard's presence.

Every day Grannis devoted to Todd the forty-minute period of freedom that intervened between the hours of morning study and luncheon. He read over with him in that time a page of Virgil in review, and gave him suggestions and assistance for the recitation of the afternoon.

"There's no use your working your head off for me this way, Granny," Todd said, after a few days of it. "I can't get off probation for football; and I *can* get myself off in the course of time. So you need n't bother with me."

"You're no good till you do get off proba-

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tion," said Grannis, "and the longer you're on it, the less likely you are ever to get off. It keeps your spirits down. The thing for you is to be hustled right along."

So Grannis hustled him, but, as Todd lugubriously remarked, it was slow going. He had fallen further behind than he had thought; the effort to keep up with the daily lessons and to do the work required in the other classes gave him surprisingly little time to make up past deficiencies.

He felt glad and sad when Crashaw consoled with him.

"I'd picked you for left half on the school eleven," said Crashaw. "I know you'd have been a great running mate. I don't know what I'll do now. Grannis is pretty fair, but he isn't really strong enough. Neither is Stevens. I've been getting after Mr. Dean, Quintard's been after him, but it's no use."

"I'm sorry," said Todd. "I wish I'd had more sense."

"Oh, well," Crashaw answered, "you're young yet; you'll learn."

Considering that there was hardly a year's difference in their ages, and that Todd regarded

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himself as pretty well grown up, this speech was more affable than complimentary. But Todd was reduced to a state of mind where he was grateful for a pleasant smile, and that, at least, Crashaw gave him.

There was another thing that contributed somewhat to his consolation, and that was the discovery that some of the fellows respected his spirit in coming out and playing on the scrub eleven when he was no longer eligible for the first. Stevens himself, who had been reinstated as left half-back, spoke of it to him, and several others. Grannis loyally reported to him whatever pleasant comments of that nature he heard, gathered them assiduously, and added to them his own personal word of appreciation and encouragement.

“The fellows that know think you’re all right,” he declared. “They say that it’s mighty few fellows that would come out and give the others practice the way you’re doing. You’re showing ‘em, Dan, that you’ve got the right stuff.”

“I like to play football,” Todd replied. “Why should n’t I get what fun I can?”

Yet there was more to it than that, and to

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know that some of the fellows understood and sympathized was taking the soreness out of his heart.

The last day of practice came; after it was over, and Todd had dressed, he piled his football clothes on the floor and rolled them into a bundle. He was gathering them up under his arm when Crashaw, passing by, stopped, and said:—

“What are you doing that for?”

“I’m done,” said Todd. “I’m taking my clothes away—that’s all.”

“Hold on,” said Crashaw. “I wish you’d put them back. I wish you’d do for the school eleven what you’ve been doing for the Corinthians.”

“You mean play on the scrub?”

“Yes. I hate to ask you when everybody else will be playing with the hope of getting into the game as a sub, somehow. But you’d help a lot, if you would.”

Todd began to put his things back into his locker.

“I’ll do anything you ask me,” he said.

“Thanks,” said Crashaw.

Although that was all, Todd felt more than

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he had yet done that in spite of his failures he was beginning to be looked on as a useful member of the community. It was a very pleasant feeling to have.

But on the day of the game with the Pythians, Todd could not keep down at odd moments — in study hour, in the classroom, at the luncheon-table — a sudden choking sensation that unaccountably surprised his throat. He could not help realizing with an unexpected poignancy that this day, which might have been one of the bright and memorable spots of his school life, and would be so for others, was to be only a little more dreary and drab-colored than all the rest.

After luncheon, when the players started for the athletic house, he would have hung back. There was no need for him to go there; he would not have to put on football clothes this afternoon. But Quintard saw him skulking wistfully up the stairs to the dormitory, and called to him to come down.

“You come into the athletic house while we’re dressing,” he said. “Stevens is awfully nervous. I want you to buck him up.”

So Todd walked down to the athletic house

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with the team, and sat round and listened to their talk while they dressed, and found a certain sad pleasure in it all. Stevens was unquestionably nervous; his hands trembled and his fingers fumbled while he was lacing up his canvas jacket, and he talked but little.

“It’s hard luck you’re not getting into the game, Todd,” he said. “All I hope is that everybody won’t be saying after it’s over, ‘Well, if they’d had Todd in, it would have been different.’”

“Of course they won’t be saying it,” Todd answered. “You’re going to lick ‘em; you’re going to make two touchdowns yourself.”

“If I get one I’ll be satisfied,” said Stevens. “I hope I don’t muff any punts. The last two nights I’ve dreamed of that.”

“Don’t worry about the way you’re going to play,” Todd advised him. “Just go in and play your hardest; and if you make one bad break, don’t let it rattle you. There will be other chances.”

It was sane and sage counsel, and he wondered, even while he gave it, why he found it so hard to apply it to his own case.

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Grannis, clumping by in his football shoes, looked at the two, and stopped.

“Save a good word for me, Dan,” he said. “I bet I need it as much as Stevens does.”

“Oh, you’re both of you all right,” Todd answered.

On the side-lines, as spectator of the game, Todd experienced a divided sympathy. Of course he wanted the Corinthians to win, yet also he wanted to see Grannis distinguish himself; and whenever — as often happened — Grannis tried to run with the ball, and was thrown with no gain, Todd felt a sense of disappointment. And at Crashaw’s successful and magnificent plunges, that shattered time and again the Corinthian line, Todd could not withhold a feeling of admiration and satisfaction. Crashaw was a friend of his, even if to-day he was one of the enemy.

Early in the half Crashaw made the first score. Grannis, following his interference cleverly, got round the Corinthian right end for a run of fifteen yards; then Crashaw, on a series of plunges through the center, carried the ball to the Corinthian twenty-yard line. Here the resistance stiffened; the next two



“SAVE A GOOD WORD FOR ME, DAN”

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attacks failed to gain, and Crashaw fell back to kick. He got the ball away safely over the heads of the charging Corinthians, and true and straight it sped between their goal-posts.

On the Pythian side of the field there was a great demonstration; but Quintard said to his team:—

“Never mind that. What’s three points? Now let’s make a real score.”

And a few moments later they had the ball in Pythian territory, and began working down the field in an inspiring manner. It was Quintard who was doing the heaviest part of the work—he and his line-men. His backs were none of them strong, but his line was, on the whole, superior to that of the Pythians. After Todd’s withdrawal, he had worked out a tackle-back formation that permitted him to take the strongest part in the offense; and it was this that he now put into operation. Most of the time he carried the ball; sometimes Stevens or Brewster took it, and he ploughed a path for them to follow. It was for a while too much for the Pythians to withstand, but on their twenty-five-yard line they got possession of the ball on a fumble, to

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the great relief of their adherents. This was of short duration, however, for when Crashaw attempted to punt out of danger, his line wilted in front of him, Quintard and one or two others came bounding down, one of them blocked the kick, and another fell on the ball. The tackle-back formation was resumed; Quintard carried the ball for four successive rushes, and on the fourth crossed the line for a touch-down. Amid the great jubilation of the Corinthian crowd, Brewster kicked the goal.

Then for a time the struggle wavered back and forth. But shortly before the end of the half, the misfortune that Stevens had dreamed of came to pass; the ball, hurtling down from the lofty height to which Crashaw's strong right foot had propelled it, bounded miserably from his grasp, and was recovered by one of the Pythian ends. On the next play Grannis made his one long run, outside of tackle, and carried the ball thirty yards, almost to the Corinthian goal-line. Then Crashaw took it over for a touchdown, and the half closed with the score nine to seven in favor of the Pythians.

Todd regretted the score, yet was glad

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because of the way in which it had been achieved. On the performance of the respective candidates in this game, the selection of a half-back for the school eleven, to play against St. John's, would depend; and so far the odds were all in Grannis's favor. Except for his thirty-yard run, he had done nothing noteworthy, but he had made no blunders. Stevens and Jewett, the Corinthian half-backs, had been unable to gain more than a few yards occasionally. Had it not been for Quintard and for the full-back, Brewster, the Corinthian attack would have been quite powerless.

Between the halves the two elevens did not retire to the clubhouse; the players wrapped themselves in blankets and lay out on the ground. The substitutes acted as a police squad to prevent the curious and admiring multitude from infringing too closely upon their privacy; only Todd was admitted to hold intercourse with the wearied and dejected Corinthians.

“If we could have you for just five minutes this next half!” Quintard said to him.

“You bang away at left tackle the way you

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were doing, and you won't need me," Todd replied.

Quintard shrugged his shoulders. After resting a moment, he rose and went over to Stevens and Jewett, who were lying side by side in a gloomy silence. Dropping down between them, he entered upon an earnest harangue, of which Todd, pausing now and then in his talk with the other players, heard familiar adjurations: "Start quick — run low — keep your feet — follow your interference." But it was more than exhortation that Stevens and Jewett needed, Todd thought, to make them into a pair of winning backs; they tried hard enough, but they did not have the ability. So he went about telling the forwards that the brunt of the battle was with them, that they must make up for any deficiencies in the back field, and that if they only continued to "get the jump" on the Pythian line, the game was theirs. Soon the timekeeper summoned them, and Todd went back to his place among the spectators.

For a little while the Corinthian line "got the jump" on their opponents in the manner that Todd had advocated. Mainly by the

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efforts of Quintard and Brewster, they worked their way along until they had the ball within fifteen years of the Pythian goal-line. Then, on a first down, Stevens was called on to run with it, and he dropped it. A Pythian player fell on it. That misfortune seemed to take the heart out of the Corinthians, and possibly the efforts that he had been making had worn on Quintard; at any rate, never again was the Pythian goal threatened, and before the game ended, the Pythians had acquired two more touchdowns.

So hollow a victory, coming after what had promised to be a close contest, seemed to dampen the enthusiasm of the victors almost as much as the spirits of the vanquished. There was a little cheering, and a good deal of running round and hand-shaking; the defeated captain congratulated the triumphant one, and then they trotted together to the athletic house. Todd followed them and the players, and devoted himself to the work of consoling Stevens, who seemed to believe that he alone was responsible for the defeat.

“No, no,” Todd said, over and over again, while he patted the half-back’s dejected

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shoulders. "They were too strong for us, that was all."

Crashaw, passing on his way to his bath, heard the words and noted the way in which they were spoken. An idea occurred to him; he thought it over in the steam of the bath-room, among the shouting bathers. When he came out and found Todd still sitting on the bench by Stevens's locker, waiting for his despondent friend to return, he stopped and said:—

"Todd, I've decided to make you captain of the scrub."

That was the second time that he had the pleasure of seeing a surprised delight leap up in Todd's eyes. He passed on to dress, and left Todd thinking that this day was not one of such disappointment, after all.

Quintard walked up to the dormitory with Todd. "That was all right, your talking to Jack Stevens the way you did," he said. "But everybody knows, Pythians and Corinthians both, that if you'd been in the game, it would have been very different. It was tough luck, that's all."

Yes, it was; but, oddly, Todd was now feel-

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ing more sorry for Quintard and his defeated team than for himself. It seemed to him that he was suddenly getting almost as much recognition as if he had played and won the game; and he felt grateful and unwontedly humble.

That night Crashaw posted the list of players for the school eleven and the scrub; Grannis's name was on it. But not until the next day at the athletic house was the line-up given out. Crashaw stood on a bench; the candidates crowded round. He read from a paper:—

“The first team will line up as follows: Full-back, Brewster; right half-back, Crashaw; left half-back, Grannis; quarter-back, Bruce; left end, McIntyre; left tackle, Quintard; left guard, Rugg; center, Burns; right guard, Hotchkiss; right tackle, Conant; right end, Morris. Everybody else report to Todd; he will captain the scrub. All out now, and play your hardest.”

Todd obeyed that injunction almost too well. In the first ten minutes he tackled Bruce so hard that the little quarter-back got up dazed, and had to retire from the practice. On the defense, Todd played up close to the

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rush-line, and efficiently plugged every hole that the first eleven opened — so efficiently that time after time the scrub won the ball on downs. On the offense, Todd charged through the opposing guards and tackled pretty much as he had done when playing on the Corinthian scrub. He was not able to make a score, but in the whole practice the school eleven made only one, and that only by the heroic efforts of Quintard and Crashaw.

The next day Crashaw shifted the line-up, and tried on the first eleven fellows who had been assigned to the scrub; the result was not more satisfactory. Todd, with his quickness in following the ball, his speed and certainty in tackling, backed up every man on his team; if an opposing runner got through the rush-line, he did not go far. Not only was Todd himself active and brilliant; he had the faculty of awakening the football instinct and the fighting spirit of the fellows under him. So far as playing strength was concerned, there was not much to choose between the scrub eleven and the school.

Grannis walked up with Todd to the school room after the third afternoon of practice.

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“I’m absolutely useless!” he exclaimed. “I haven’t made a gain of ten yards yet—and only one or two of five. I thought that to make the school eleven was pretty fine, but now I don’t know—if it’s just going to show me and everybody else that I’m not up to the standard!”

“Is there anybody that would do any better?” Todd asked.

“Maybe there is, and maybe there is n’t. All I know is, that if I once get through the line, there you are, all ready to grab me and sit on my head.”

Todd laughed. “Oh, you’ll get by one of these days.”

“It does n’t look to me as if I would. Crashaw’s disappointed in me—I can see that.”

Todd made no answer; there had been indications that Crashaw was disturbed over the failure of his team to make a stronger showing.

Somewhat later it flashed into Todd’s mind that what Grannis needed, and Crashaw, too, was confidence. He thought about it a good deal, and came to the regretful understanding that, for the best results to Grannis and the

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team, it might be possible for him to play too well.

The next day Grannis got round Ritchie at right end, and made a gain of twenty-five yards. Todd, running to tackle, was knocked out of the way by Rugg. A few moments later Brewster came through the center, and this time Hotchkiss blocked Todd off from tackling. Grannis and Brewster made other short gains, and finally Grannis scored a touchdown. Then the scrub's defense tightened up again; and one more touchdown, achieved in the usual way by the hammering of the two heavy-weights, was all that the school could score. But two more long runs did Grannis make round right end, although they led to nothing.

Again Todd walked up to the schoolroom with Grannis, and this time he said:—

“You feel better now about yourself, don't you? Those were some good runs that you made.”

Grannis, who had been silent, glanced at him sharply.

“Where were you?” he asked.

“Blocked off,” said Todd. He rubbed his left shoulder. “Jim Rugg came through a

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couple of times, and hit me like a thousand of brick. The team seemed to be going a good deal better to-day."

Grannis glanced at him again, with a gleam of understanding and amusement in his eyes.

CHAPTER IX

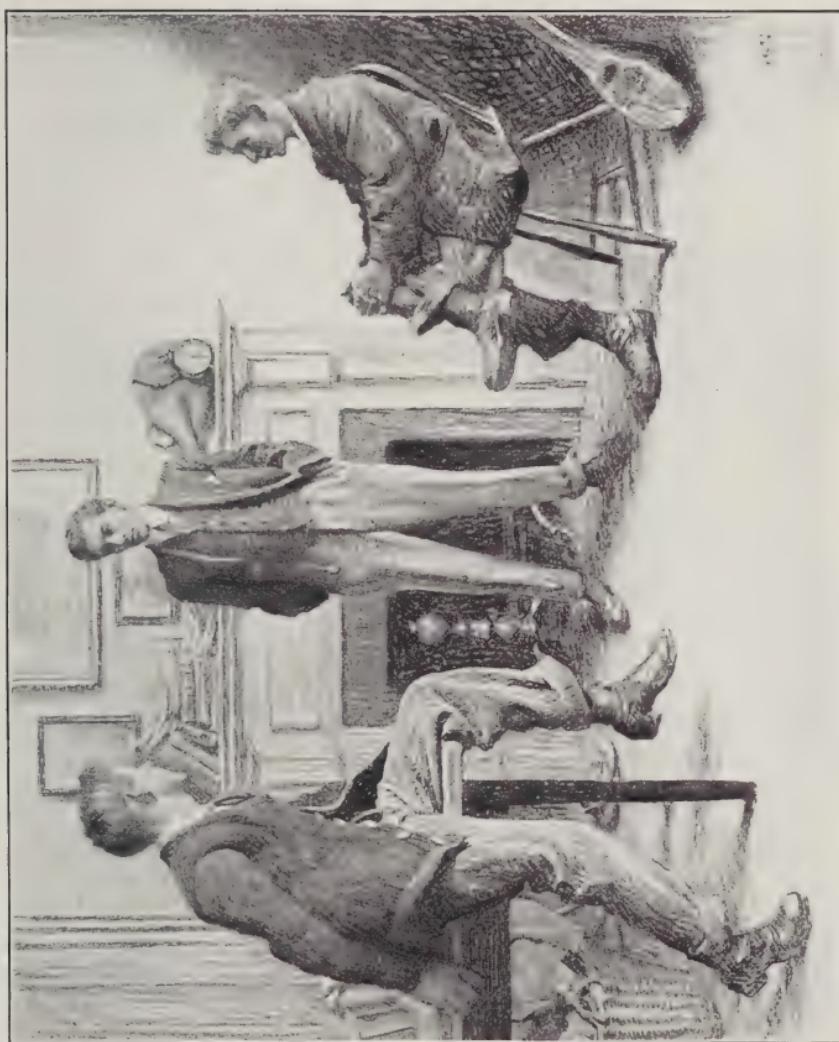
GRANNIS MAKES OUT A NEW SCHEDULE

THE same afternoon that Todd congratulated Grannis on his long runs, Grannis had an interview with Crashaw. He found the captain before supper in his room. Quintard was with him.

“Come in, Grannis,” Crashaw said. “Things went much better to-day. Those were three pretty runs that you made round the end. I thought you were about due for something of that kind.”

Grannis stood with his back to the fireplace and his hands in his pockets.

“Todd let me have those runs,” he said, after a moment. “He could have nailed me if he’d wanted to. I’ve often got round Ritchie, and every time Todd has tackled me before I could make three yards. To-day he did n’t get anywhere near me. I spoke to him about it afterward, and he said that Rugg had blocked him off. Then I saw Rugg, and asked him how he’d done it, and he said it had surprised him,



"TODD, LET ME HAVE THOSE RUNS"

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for when he butted into Todd, instead of being bounced back as usual, just as if he'd struck a locomotive, why, down went Todd as soft and easy as a baby. And Hotchkiss had the same experience. Todd was just letting me make a gain, that was all."

Crashaw looked from Grannis to Quintard in perplexity.

"Well, what do you make of that, Quint?" he asked.

Quintard shrugged his shoulders, and after a moment's thought, Crashaw turned on Grannis, partly in humor, partly in exasperation.

"Confound you, if it is true, what did you want to dope it out for?" he exclaimed. "It would have done you a pile of good to think you were as good as all that; it was doing the rest of us good, too. If Todd had a nice little scheme of his own for making us all feel more comfortable, why did you have to spoil it?"

"Well," said Grannis, "I'll tell you. I've been thinking it over, and I realize that I'm not yet the caliber for half-back on the school eleven. I hope that next year I may be, but when I see the kind of game that you and

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Quintard and Brewster and Todd all play, I know I'm out of place. What you need is a better balanced back-field than you can have while I'm in it."

"That may all be true," interrupted Crashaw bluntly. "But we have to take what we can get."

"I want you to get Todd," said Grannis. "I was talking with Mr. Dean to-day. He told me he'd had a letter from a friend of his who is a master at St. John's, and that this friend of his was blowing about a fellow named Blodgett, their full-back, just new this year; the greatest find of the century. He said that St. John's feel that this year they can trample all over us. And I know that with Todd in my place, they could n't. Now I'm going to Mr. Dean and tell him just how I feel, and just what I'm willing to do, and see if he won't meet me halfway."

"What do you propose to do?" asked Crashaw.

"I've got a scheme laid out; I'll see that Todd makes up all back work before the St. John's game."

"And you 're willing to sacrifice your place

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on the school eleven in order to put Todd into the game?"

"That's the way I can help the team most, is n't it?"

Crashaw nodded. "Just the same, it takes a pretty good spirit. When are you going to see Mr. Dean?"

"Right after supper."

"I'll have a talk with him first. I'll see him in the dining-room. I'll try to make sure that he gives you a favorable reception. And I don't mind saying, Grannis, that mighty few fellows in your position would do what you're doing."

"Oh, plenty would," said Grannis lightly.

And when he felt a pang of regret attacking him at the thought of his sacrifice, he called up the picture of the patient Todd, putting the best of himself into the game day after day with no hope of success; he thought of him when he should hear that the ban might be lifted; and at that thought he felt that he himself would be repaid.

Mr. Dean's room was that of a scholar who read much and wrote much, and apparently never found time to clear away either books

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or papers. He had to pile on the floor the contents of a chair before he could invite Grannis to sit down; he did it with an unusual cordiality.

“Crashaw told me I might expect the pleasure of a call from you,” he said. “He was rather mysterious about it; he wished simply to assure me that no one was putting you up to anything — that you were being influenced only by your own — well, I don’t remember all Crashaw’s enthusiastic words. But he left me entirely in the dark as to what he was talking about.”

“It’s just Todd, Mr. Dean. You know once, sometime back, you asked me to help him along in his Latin. I didn’t do it; now I want you to give me a chance to make up for that neglect. You must know how differently Todd has been doing lately, in his studies and every way, and you must know how much he’s needed on the eleven. Now I’ve got a schedule all worked out here. From 12.30 to 1.15 every day I’ll tutor Todd in Latin; he can get a page of Virgil done easily in that three-quarters of an hour. Then there’s fifteen minutes after study before supper that I’ll give

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to him, and another fifteen minutes after supper before study. Study hour is over at nine o'clock; lights don't have to be out till ten. I'll give Todd that hour every night,— and I think that Mr. Randolph, in our dormitory, will be willing that we should sit up till half-past ten, studying,— and so far as that break in training is concerned, Crashaw won't mind, I'm sure. There are two hours and fifteen minutes, anyway, two hours and three quarters, maybe, that I'll give Todd every day, and that should mean three pages of Virgil a day, and in ten days that's thirty pages. He's only twenty pages behind now, and he knows what he's been over. If you'd give him a special examination the morning of the St. John's game, I'm sure you'd find he could pass it. And I give you my word, Mr. Dean, that if you give him and me this chance to show you what we can do, neither of us will shirk a single minute — we'll live right up to this schedule.”

He handed the master the slip of paper on which he had written out the hours available for tutoring.

“This will give you no time whatever for

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intercourse with your friends, or for the many little things you now find it convenient to do in those periods," said Mr. Dean.

"I can get on for a while without those things. I'm sure I can speak for Todd there, too."

"Moreover, with so much hard application, I think that your football is bound to suffer," continued Mr. Dean. "I'm not at all sure that after a week of this, you 'll be at your best as a half-back for the school eleven."

"That won't matter, for Todd will replace me. And even if Todd is n't quite at his best, he will be good enough."

"Your idea, then, is to get Todd off probation so that he can take your place on the team?"

"Yes, that 's what I hope."

"Why do you want to make that sacrifice? What is your motive? Of course, it is a sacrifice."

"Well, in a way," admitted Grannis. "It would be exciting to play in the St. John's game, and it would be fun to have the right to wear the school sweater and to be known as a member of the school eleven. It would

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be more fun, though, if I felt I were n't the weakest player on the team." He laughed somewhat ruefully. "I have n't shown myself to be strong enough for my position. I can see that Crashaw is bothered about me. I know how very different it would be for him and the team if Todd were in my place; I know how different it would be for Todd. It seems to me, the only thing for me to do is to give Todd the chance, if I can. If I can't, the only thing for me to do is to fill the place the best way I can. I hope you 'll feel as I do about the situation, Mr. Dean, and meet me halfway."

Mr. Dean meditated a moment. "I'm disposed to do it," he said, at last. "Yes, I think that Todd's behavior and your attitude both warrant some concessions. All right, then. You have Todd ready to appear before me for examination on Saturday morning, the 20th, and we 'll hope for good results."

Grannis could hardly wait to report the good news to Todd. He ran all the way from Mr. Dean's room to the Study; he arrived a few moments before the bell rang, and saw Todd going up the steps of the building.

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“Dan!” he called, and Todd turned, and at sight of the eagerness in Grannis’s face allowed himself to be drawn aside.

“You’re going to play in the St. John’s game!” Grannis confided joyously. “I’ve just been seeing Mr. Dean, and it will be all right.”

“What!” said Todd, and his face lighted up exactly as Grannis had been imagining that it would. “Granny, what do you mean? Am I off probation?”

“No, but you will be,” said Grannis. “I went to Mr. Dean, and I talked the whole thing out with him. I guaranteed that I’d give you a certain amount of time every day, and that every day you’d do a certain amount of Latin; and he said that if that was the case, he’d give you a special examination the morning of the St. John’s game. If you pass it,—and of course you will,—you can play in the game.”

“But that means you won’t play!” cried Todd. “It means that you’ll be putting all your spare time on me and cutting yourself out of your position. I could n’t do that, Granny; I won’t let you do it.”

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“Yes, you will, you ’ve got to!” Grannis declared. “I ’ve told Crashaw, and he ’s delighted. It ’s the best thing I can do for the team—and after all, there is n’t much fun in playing when you ’re outclassed by every one else.”

“That is n’t true of you at all!” asserted Todd vehemently. “You may not be the strongest player on the eleven, but you ’re not the weakest, either. I don’t see how I can take advantage of any such sacrifice.”

“Well, you can just bet that Crashaw means to take advantage of it,” Grannis said lightly. “And he ’ll sit on your neck till you ’re willing.”

“But to give up the place you ’ve earned,—to miss the fun and the glory,—why, you might make a long run and a touchdown. And, besides, to give all your time to the stupid job of coaching me,— it ’s the nicest thing I ever heard of a fellow wanting to do, Granny,— but you must n’t.”

“You think about Crashaw and the team and your family, and you ’ll feel differently,” said Grannis. “I—I have n’t any family to see me play in the game.”

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The bell rang, and the two boys went silently, each thinking his own thoughts, into the schoolroom.

At the end of the hour, Todd came up as Grannis was closing his desk.

“Granny,” he said, “I’ve weakened. If you want to do it, you can. But it’s the nicest thing I ever knew a fellow to do.”

“Good for you! Are you ready to begin right off?”

“Whenever you say,” answered Todd.

“All right, then. From now on we’ll never have a minute to lose.”

They ran together up to the dormitory, interviewed Mr. Randolph, and got permission to work in Grannis’s room till half-past ten.

Crashaw did not hear the news until the next morning, before chapel. He shook Grannis’s hand and thanked him; he shook Todd’s hand and congratulated him. “You’ll have the whole team back of you, both of you,” he said.

That afternoon Todd played during half the practice on the school eleven, and Grannis took his place on the scrub. Although Todd was not familiar with the signals, and did not at

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once fit readily into the formations, the efficiency of the school team was noticeably improved while he played with it. The scrub was unable to withstand the rushes; three touchdowns were scored against it. After Todd and Grannis changed places, the character of the play on each side changed also; the school was then able to get but one touchdown, and that with difficulty.

Grannis had a pretty hard task in the days that followed, on the football-field and away from it. Playing on the scrub, and having to stop the charges of such a quartette as Todd, Crashaw, Quintard, and Brewster, was not all fun. Grannis got more hard knocks, wrenched and bruised muscles, and thumping falls than he had sustained before in the whole football season, and he had none of the satisfaction of an occasional good run, none of the cheering feeling of success to compensate him. It was hard and battering drudgery. Even when he was transferred to the school eleven, as he was every day for a few minutes, there was not much respite for him, or much to encourage him; with the idea of giving him all the practice possible, Crashaw would have him take

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the ball time after time, but seldom did he make his distance.

Away from the athletic field, he had no time for pleasure. He and Todd were equally conscientious in carrying out even to the minute the schedule that he had drawn up. He found that Todd was more deficient in his Latin than he had supposed, and that he had no aptitude whatever for the language; this made the labor all the more laborious. Sometimes it was after eleven o'clock when they got to bed; Mr. Randolph was indulgent in the matter of late hours, and Grannis was determined that no day should pass without the preparation of three pages at least. Each morning Crashaw inquired eagerly about the progress that the pupil was making; and when, after five days, Grannis said he was ready to guarantee that Todd could play, Crashaw slapped him on the back, cried "Hurray!" and executed several jubilant capers. From that time on, Grannis was given little practice on the school eleven; he was knocked about more than ever; and although he stuck to it pluckily, he acknowledged to himself that he would be extremely glad when the football season was over.

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Inspired by Grannis's confidence, Todd wrote to his father, and urged him to come on for the game. "Bring mother with you, if she'll come," he added. "Of course it's not absolutely certain that I shall be able to play, but Grannis feels sure of it, and I guess he knows. I feel sure myself. I know an awful lot of Latin."

Two days before the game he received a telegram from his father, saying that both he and his mother were coming. He showed it to Grannis, and asked:—

"You don't really think there's any danger of my disappointing them, do you, Granny?"

"I don't see how you can," Grannis answered.

On the morning of the day, Grannis accompanied him to the door of the room in which he was to have his examination. It was the last hour before the noon recess; and in consideration of the fact that it was the day of the St. John's game, all classes for that hour were dismissed. Most of the boys scattered to the dormitories or to the athletic field; but Grannis hung about the Study, and waited for Todd.

The time passed slowly; he looked at his watch again and again, and wondered with

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increasing nervousness how Todd was faring. Just before the end of the hour a carriage stopped in front of the Study, and Mr. and Mrs. Todd alighted. Grannis went to greet them, and had no need to recall himself to their memory. Mrs. Todd, with both hands outstretched, drew him to her, exclaiming:—

“Alfred, you dear boy! Daniel’s told us all you’ve done for him. We do think it’s noble of you, Mr. Todd and I.”

She clung to both his hands and beamed on him affectionately, while Mr. Todd added, with what was no doubt the utmost cordiality at his command:—

“Greatly obliged to you, Grannis. My boy’s grateful. Where is he?”

“Taking his examination at this moment,” Grannis answered. “But he ought to be out soon.”

Mr. Todd looked at his watch; Grannis, remembering their former meeting, wondered if Mr. Todd was always timing himself.

“If we’re to drive in to the hotel for lunch and come out again for the game, we can’t wait for him long. No such thing, I suppose, as having you and him come and lunch with us?”

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“I’m afraid not,” Grannis replied. “We’re both at the training-table. There he is now!”

He ran forward; Todd was just coming out of the door.

“How about it?” Grannis called excitedly.

“All right!” cried Todd, and he leaped down the steps and beat Grannis affectionately on the back. “Hello, there’s the family!” And off he ran, to be gathered into his mother’s arms, while his father stood by, snapping his watch impatiently, but looking on with an air of swelling pride.

“Well,” said Mr. Todd, “so you got away with the Latin, did you, Daniel? And you’re all right for this afternoon. Good. I guess your teachers saw they’d made a mistake. I guess they saw they’d have to let you play.” His voice betrayed a sense of injury and resentment only partially assuaged.

“Not much,” Todd assured him. “They’d never have let me play if I hadn’t made up my Latin. And I could n’t have done that if it had n’t been for Granny.”

“Well,” said Mr. Todd tolerantly, but not altogether mollified, “I don’t see the good in being so strict about a dead language like Latin.

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But as long as it 's all right, it 's all right—and if we 're to get in to our hotel in time for lunch, we 've got to be starting."

"Oh, I wish you could come with us, Daniel!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd. "You and Alfred both. I can 't bear not to see you every minute that I 'm here."

"You 'll see him," her husband assured her. "You 'll see him this afternoon—and I guess you 'll be proud enough of him. Hit the line hard, Daniel."

"He 'll do that," Grannis answered. "I 've been playing against him and I know."

Mrs. Todd gave her son another embrace, and then reluctantly allowed herself to be placed in the carriage beside her impatient husband. As the horses mounted the hill, the two boys turned in the direction of the Upper School. They had gone only a little way when they met Crashaw, hurrying to learn the outcome of the examination.

"All right!" Grannis shouted to him from a distance, and Crashaw ceased to approach, and instead executed on the sidewalk the little clog that was his specialty.

CHAPTER X

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IN the athletic house, Todd and Grannis, dressing side by side, looked with curiosity at the St. John's players, who were making their preparations at the other end of the room. Crashaw and some of the other St. Timothy's veterans were talking with them while they dressed, and both Todd and Grannis were able to identify most of the visiting team. Hancock, the captain and quarter-back, they recognized at once—a short, strongly built fellow, quick and nervous in his movements. He was speaking now to Crashaw, and although Todd and Grannis could not hear what was being said, they liked his flashing laugh and the brightness in his brown eyes.

They liked less well the appearance of the dreaded Blodgett. They had picked him out even before Quintard, who had been introduced to him, had told them which one he was. Blodgett was of a rougher, coarser type than

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the others. His physical strength was clearly enormous. He was six feet in height, and he weighed a little over a hundred and eighty pounds. Crashaw, the heaviest player on the St. Timothy's team, weighed a hundred and seventy; Todd and Quintard, who came next, each weighed a hundred and sixty.

It was not only his obviously great strength and weight that gave Blodgett his formidable aspect. He seemed to hold himself imperturbable and aloof, even from the members of his own team. He was older than the others, and it was apparent at a glance that he was not particularly interested in establishing friendly relations with people. When any one spoke to him, he replied brusquely, in a voice of disagreeable harshness. He was chewing gum, and in the operation he wried his face to the left and narrowed his eyes unpleasantly. His hair was reddish, his neck and wrists were big and red, his hands and feet were huge. Yet when he moved, it was with no clumsiness; he was as lithe and supple as Conway, the fleet St. John's left end.

“He looks even worse than I supposed,” Grannis murmured to Todd.

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“The fiercest-looking are sometimes dubs,” Todd answered.

But Blodgett was no “dub.” Todd, and Grannis, and everybody else could see that in the few limbering-up plays that the St. John’s team went through when they appeared on the field. He was as fast as he was powerful. The St. John’s offense seemed to be built round him as the center. Whether he was carrying the ball or interfering for another, his big head and red neck and powerful shoulders seemed always to be giving the chief impetus to the charge.

Todd did not have much opportunity to observe him, for Crashaw, as soon as he had led his men out on the field, had at once started them in at signal practice also. Up and down, on opposite sides, the two elevens rushed, pausing every few yards to put the ball into play, then sweeping along exultantly. Out in the middle of the field, Brewster and Sparling, who were to do the kicking for the two teams, were sending up long punts which a couple of substitutes were deputed to catch.

Ranged along the two side-lines were the spectators. All St. John’s School was there,

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as well as all St. Timothy's; blue flags were as numerous as red, and in the cheering that was hurled back and forth, no one could say that either side was more enthusiastically vociferous than the other. On both sides, in addition to boys and masters, were a number of other spectators — alumni of the schools, fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers of players, or of boys. There was a parking space at one end of the field, and here many of these visitors had prepared to watch the game, sitting or standing in automobiles and carriages.

Grannis, looking round from where he stood with the other blanketed substitutes, caught sight of Mr. and Mrs. Todd. They, at least, did not propose to witness this game from a distant carriage; they had pressed forward among the boys, and were standing against the rope that served as barrier. The intense satisfaction and excitement that showed on their faces made Grannis glad that he had done what he had for Todd, and helped him to dismiss the feeling of envy and regret that had come when he saw the eleven romping down the field and had heard the cheers.

The referee and the umpire, two college

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football-players of distinction who were affiliated with neither school, called the two captains to a conference in the middle of the field. The referee tossed up a coin. Then the captains summoned their men. St. Timothy's took the south goal, St. John's had the kick-off.

It was a golden autumn afternoon, with only a slight breeze stirring the burnished foliage of the oaks in the woods north of the field; the sun poured out of a cloudless sky through an atmosphere in which there was a faint warm haze; the eleven in red and the eleven in blue stood quivering, expectant in their places, light and brown and black heads equally alert; the flags on both sides waved, and the shouts on both sides were suddenly hushed.

Sparling, for St. John's, kicked off, and sent the ball straight into Brewster's arms on St. Timothy's ten-yard line. And there Brewster, overcome with nervousness, muffed it. Quintard recovered it, and started to run, but was pulled down before he had gained ten yards. It was a bad beginning for St. Timothy's, and already the exultant St. John's shout was roaring across the field. Now was to come

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the first test of the strength of the St. Timothy's attack. Bruce, the quarter-back, called for the best play they had — Crashaw carrying the ball, Todd and Brewster rushing tandem ahead of him, and Quintard opening up the hole. Quintard did his part, Todd and Brewster went charging through; but something happened to Crashaw. Blodgett, playing close to the rush-line, had shot in just behind the interference, and pulled Crashaw down with the gain of only a yard.

Again the St. John's shout, more exultant than before, rang out. Bruce next attempted a forward pass, but threw the ball wild. It struck the ground, and St. Timothy's were moved back five yards nearer their own goal. There was but one thing left for them to do; Brewster punted, and St. Timothy's had their first occasion to cheer, for the ball went spinning end over end, high and far, and fell into Hancock's arms on the St. Timothy's forty-five-yard-line.

Then began the St. John's attack. Stimson, their fast half-back, tried to go round the right wing; but Morris, the St. Timothy's end, ran him out of bounds, and he made no gain. Next,

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Blodgett took the ball and burst through the center; Todd, playing close to the rush-line, charged into him, but he tackled too high, and was carried along backward for five yards. On the next play it was Wilson, the right half-back, who carried the ball; but Blodgett opened up the way for him—opened it up none too legitimately, Todd felt, for Blodgett grasped him for an instant and thrust him aside with his hands; Wilson made five yards. Todd appealed to the referee, but got no satisfaction; Blodgett's illegal act had not been seen.

By short rushes St. John's forced St. Timothy's back and back; Crashaw, Quintard, and Todd could not break the impetus of Blodgett's powerful charges against the line. Twice Quintard angrily complained to the referee that Blodgett, interfering for the runner, pushed him aside with his hands, and held him; but the referee did not see it, and did not allow the claim. St. John's got down to St. Timothy's fifteen-yard line—and there the referee did detect Blodgett, not holding an opponent, but pulling the runner with the ball through an opening, and set the St. John's team back five yards.

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They were then unable to gain the necessary distance; St. Timothy's, after one ten-yard run by Crashaw, again had to kick, and again St. John's had the ball near the middle of the field. Again they began their march down toward the St. Timothy's goal, and now Blodgett carried the ball on every rush. They could not stop him; Todd and Brewster and Crashaw and Quintard flung themselves upon him wherever and whenever they could, but invariably he got through the line, and shot forward three or four yards before being dragged down.

But on the ten-yard line, with Brewster and Crashaw both playing up close, the defense strengthened; Blodgett tried, and was thrown without gaining. Then Wilson was given the ball; Blodgett, charging ahead of him, drove through the hole between Rugg and Burns, butted Crashaw over with his shoulder, legally enough, and gave Todd, crouching to tackle, a hook with his left elbow that sent him sprawling. But Wilson did not profit, for Quintard had swung on him from behind, and dragged him down. There was no gain, and it was third down.

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Todd got up; his temper rose with him. "You're a dirty player!" he said to Blodgett, who brushed past, going to his place.

Blodgett, chewing gum, looked at him imperturbably, and made no answer.

Todd felt that Blodgett would carry the ball next time, and made up his mind to get him. He was not mistaken; Blodgett charged through, and Todd hurled himself upon him with all his might. Down went Blodgett; St. John's had lost the ball, and St. Timothy's shouted joyfully upon the side-line.

But again the St. Timothy's attempts to gain by rushing met with failure, and Brewster was forced to kick. Again St. John's began their pounding attack. Blodgett made two long rushes; Stimson made a fifteen-yard run round Morris's end. In only a few moments St. John's again had the ball within scoring distance. Their tandem, Blodgett heading it, formed behind the line, then broke through. There was a momentary block; Todd, charging into Blodgett, temporarily arrested the play, and was reaching for Hancock, who was stumbling forward with the ball, when Blodgett grasped and held him just long enough to let

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Hancock dive safely by. Crashaw pulled Hancock down on the one-yard line.

The referee, who had been on the other side of the scrimmage, had not seen Blodgett's foul, and declined to allow Todd's protest. On the next play Blodgett carried the ball over for a touchdown; and St. John's screamed and pranced and waved their blue flags in rapture.

During the breathing-space while St. John's were getting ready to kick the goal, Todd went to Crashaw.

"That fellow Blodgett is playing foul all the time," he said.

"I know it," Crashaw answered. "I've asked the referee to watch him — but he never seems to see anything."

"If necessary, I can play as foul as he can!" Todd said hotly.

"Don't you do it." Crashaw's voice was stern. "We'll lick them by straight football, for all Blodgett's dirty tricks. Now, then, fellows!"

They ranged themselves between the goal-posts; a moment later the ball came flying over the cross-bar, and again there was an outburst of delight from St. John's.

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“We’ve got to tie the score this half,” Crashaw said to his team. “Jump in, everybody, and get a touchdown right from the kick-off.”

But immediately after the kick-off, time was called for the first period. The players wrapped themselves in blankets, and stood or strolled about the field. No coach or substitute was permitted to go out and talk with them, but Grannis and the others of the scrub moved along the side-line to get as near to them as possible. Mr. Todd leaned forward across the rope, made a trumpet with his hands, and shouted, “Daniel! Daniel!” His son turned toward him.

“Go for ‘em, Daniel!” shouted Mr. Todd. “Tear ‘em up! Rip through ‘em! Smash ‘em, boy,—smash ‘em!”

Todd grinned, and waved a quieting hand at his father. Mr. Todd subsided behind the rope, but muttered to his wife, “You see. Daniel will do it yet! that big fellow won’t last —”

Grannis, and a few others who heard, smiled forlornly. They could not share that paternal confidence. Todd was doing his best; but

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Blodgett was even worse than the terror that had been foretold. It seemed unlikely that he would weaken. From the side-lines, the substitutes had not detected the peculiar methods that so greatly increased the efficiency of his play.

The interval did not improve St. Timothy's chances of getting a touchdown. They struggled hard; they forced their opponents to kick, and then, by one well-executed forward pass and a series of rushes, they carried the ball from their own thirty-yard line to St. John's twenty-five-yard line; but that was the best they could do. St. John's held them, and Blodgett resumed his attacks on their line. For a time these were successful; but at last the referee detected him hauling Hancock through a scrimmage, and the penalty that resulted enabled St. Timothy's to regain the ball. The half ended with both teams struggling upon more even terms. If, as yet, St. Timothy's had not been able seriously to threaten their opponents' goal, they were at least showing a stronger resistance to the St. John's attack.

The St. John's team remained on the field;

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Crashaw led his eleven and the substitutes into the athletic house to talk things over. "We've got to block Blodgett," he said to his players earnestly. "He's the one man that's stopping us. There's got to be somebody told off on every play to take care of him. Quint, and Todd, and Brewster, you come here."

He drew the three into a corner and arranged with them that on every tandem rush, whoever led the interference should make a point of smashing into Blodgett—even if it meant turning out of a straight course. "Four times out of five the last man in the tandem must carry the ball," said Crashaw. "The first man will look after Blodgett; the second man will interfere for the runner—and run as hard and as straight as he can."

"Give me the job of looking after Blodgett," requested Todd.

"We want you sometimes to carry the ball."

"Yes, that's all right, but at other times."

"I think that's a good idea," Crashaw said.
"Then that's understood?"

The others assented, and Crashaw summoned the team, to impart the information and exhort them to greater efforts.

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In the next half Todd started out to do what was required of him. He was only moderately successful; Blodgett was not easily "taken care" of. He had a trick of crouching close behind the line, and when Todd came bursting through, of dodging quickly, and at the same moment laying his hands on Todd and giving him a fling in a manner quite illegal, but invariably unseen. The referee was always on the opposite side, following the man with the ball.

But as the play went on, Todd acquired greater wariness and skill in meeting this treatment; and the pertinacity with which he "looked after" Blodgett finally angered and unsettled that player. Blodgett took liberties too openly on one occasion, with the result that the referee reprimanded him sharply, and gave St. Timothy's fifteen yards. On the next play they got possession of the ball on St. John's thirty-yard line. There was less than five minutes left of the third period. Crashaw whispered in Todd's ear, "I count on you to keep Blodgett out of the play."

"I'll do my best," said Todd.

Three times in succession Crashaw carried

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the ball; three times in succession Todd, plunging on ahead, hurled Blodgett aside. And thus, amid the swelling cheers of St. Timothy's, Crashaw carried the ball to St. John's ten-yard line. Then, as a surprise for Blodgett, Todd, at the head of the tandem, took the ball and charged through the hole that Quintard opened up — and Blodgett, waiting to pounce on the rear man of the string, let him go by. Hancock brought him down on the three-yard line.

“Touchdown! Touchdown!” screamed St. Timothy's, and the spectators flowed rapturously along the side-line, and massed almost on the St. John's goal.

Touchdown it was the next moment, for Crashaw took the ball round the end with Brewster blocking off for him, and set it safely down behind the St. John's goal-posts. And a little later Brewster kicked the goal; the score was tied.

From that point on the playing on both sides seemed to become more intense, more savage. The tackling was harder, the rushes were more reckless, the penalties for holding and offside play were more frequently enforced.

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And nobody played with a greater disregard of the rules and was more successful in evading the eye of the referee than Blodgett.

Todd, who had assumed the responsibility of "taking care" of him, had to bear most of the unfair jabs and buffets. His temper was roused, his fists were clenched, but he kept them down; he held himself under control in all the rough collisions. It was the more possible for him to do this because the tide had now turned, and was favoring St. Timothy's; slowly, surely, St. John's was being forced back up the field. Blodgett, their tower of strength, had begun to fail in endurance; he panted desperately, and availed himself of all the time that was allowed after every scrimmage. His effectiveness in defense was reduced, partly because he was tired, and partly because Todd was so persistent in foiling him.

From their thirty-yard line, St. Timothy's carried the ball to the middle of the field by a series of line rushes. Then Todd, on a trick play, got round the left end for ten yards. On a forward pass, Morris gained fifteen yards. The tumult on the St. Timothy's side was increasing. There was not a great deal longer

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to play; if this advance of St. Timothy's was turned, there would be little likelihood of their making a score.

The ball was now on St. John's twenty-five-yard line. Crashaw called his backs round him for a consultation.

"You've got Blodgett pretty groggy," he said to Todd. "Brewster and I will try a fake attack on their left tackle. You take the ball and go through the hole that Quint will open up."

The quarter-back gave the signal, Todd received the ball and charged head down through the hole that Quintard promptly arranged. Beyond the line somebody tackled him, but he wrencheded himself free and rushed on for several yards, until some one caught him about the legs. He went down, and as he struck the ground, some one else leaped on his shoulders with both knees. Todd grunted; from the St. Timothy's side he heard hissing and cries, "Put him out!" When Todd got up, he saw that the fellow who had landed on him was Blodgett. He said to him, quietly, "I thought it would be you."

Amid the clamor of execration from St.

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Timothy's, the referee and the umpire came rushing up.

"That man was down!" cried the umpire to Blodgett. "What business had you to jump on him?"

"I did n't mean to jump on him," Blodgett answered. "I was running in to tackle, and when he went down, I could n't stop."

"Well, you 'd better be a little more careful hereafter," the umpire said sharply. "Play ball."

They were now on the St. John's fifteen-yard line. Crashaw made a gain of five yards round the right end. Brewster tried to rush through center, but encountered a solid defense. Todd, struggling to open up a path in front of him, found he was pushing against Blodgett. He had the advantage in leverage; and Blodgett gave back a step, and then lunged forward and hooked his right elbow twice, viciously, with all his might, into Todd's side.

The attack was so sudden, so unfair, and so painful, that Todd instantly lost self-control; he shot out his left fist, and then his right, and thumped Blodgett substantially upon the

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breast-bone. But at that moment the umpire saw the slugging and blew his horn. Then, before the bewildered players had extricated themselves, he ran up to Todd, took him by the arm, pointed to the side-line, and said:—

“You’re disqualified for slugging, and your team loses half the distance to its own goal. Leave the field.”

Todd turned to him with blazing eyes.

“But I — ” he began, and then he stopped. The spirit of the discipline through which he had passed silenced his protest. He had violated the rules, and he had been sentenced by the properly constituted authority; it was no defense to claim that some one else had been more guilty than himself.

He obeyed the order; he walked rapidly from the field. He was confusedly aware that Crashaw and others of the team had gathered round the umpire, and were protesting ardently, and that from the opposite side of the field came some applause for his expulsion. Even between these two schools, that had always been the friendliest of rivals, there were occasional unsportsmanlike passages, quick to occur, and soon to be regretted. This applause

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from the enemy did not wound Todd so much as the silence among those spectators whom he was approaching.

He did not raise his head to look at any one; he did not stop to speak to any of the substitutes; he ducked under the rope. The crowd parted for him in compassionate silence; he passed through, and walked on toward the athletic house. He felt that his heart was broken, that he was forever disgraced. What a "mucker" he must be, really, to be branded so publicly! And even while he acknowledged with all humility and mortification his glaring fault, his anger flamed at the thought of Blodgett getting off scot-free.

He went up the steps and entered the empty house; and as he closed the door behind him, the sense of his utter loneliness rushed over him. Not one single friend had followed to say a comforting word. Not even his father or his mother had hastened from the field with him, to help him bear his disgrace. No doubt they were ashamed of him. He slumped down on a bench and sat there, too indifferent and disconsolate to undress. He thought of Grannis, and of the sacrifice that Grannis had made

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so that he could get into this game. He thought of the glad excitement with which his mother and father had come on to see him play. And he made up his mind that he would leave St. Timothy's this very night, and go home with his father and mother, if they were willing to travel with him, and that he would start to work in his father's factory, if his father was not too disgusted to have him round.

It suddenly occurred to him that it would be a great thing if he could make his escape without ever seeing another St. Timothy's boy. If he could dress quickly enough and run up to the dormitory! He began to pluck hastily at his shoe-strings.

Suddenly outside there was a great tumult of shouting. It developed quickly into a prolonged, triumphant roar. Todd kicked off one shoe and sat upright, listening. It seemed to him that they were shouting, "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, St. Timothy's!" But it could hardly be possible that anything had happened — not after the team had been set back to the middle of the field on account of his fault. But as the shout continued, unmistakably jubilant, he ran to the window, opened it, and leaned out.

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The players were hidden from view by the swarming crowd of St. Timothy's supporters, waving their flags on the line of the St. John's goal.

Nearer, coming across the edge of the green oval toward the athletic house, Todd saw his father.

CHAPTER XI

THE BEST KIND OF A FRIEND

WHEN Todd was ordered from the game, his mother had not understood it.

“Why is he leaving?” she asked her husband. “He does n’t seem to be hurt—or tired.”

Mr. Todd did not answer; his wife looked at him, and saw that his lips were set in a grim line and that his eyes were glowing angrily.

“What’s the matter?” she asked again. “Why is Daniel leaving the game?”

“Ruled off,” Mr. Todd replied. “Ruled off by the umpire.”

“But why?”

“Oh, he thinks he hit somebody. It’s an outrage! it’s an outrage!”

Mr. Todd spoke vehemently; his wife flushed.

“Do they think Daniel did n’t play fair?” she asked.

“I don’t know what they think, but I know that if Daniel did anything, he had provocation.”

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Two sixth-formers — one of them happened to be Belknap — pressed up close to Mr. Todd in an effort to see what was going on in the conference between the two captains, the referee, and the umpire.

“Oh, what a bonehead that boy Todd is!” exclaimed Belknap.

“Solid ivory,” agreed the other, “and a perfect lobster — slugging!”

Unfamiliar as the language was to Mrs. Todd’s ears, she understood its purport. She pressed her husband’s arm.

“I don’t want to see any more,” she said, in a low voice. “I don’t want to hear any more. Take me to the carriage — and then you go in and see the poor boy.”

They walked away from the spectators; as they departed, they overheard some boys commiserating their son and denouncing the umpire; but there was not much balm for their wounds in that. They walked slowly and in silence, Mrs. Todd clinging to her husband’s arm, he supporting her with a sort of fierce and speechless tenderness. He led her through a maze of automobiles, and finally found his carriage. He helped her to get into

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it, and then, standing on the ground beside her, he said, almost helplessly:—

“What am I to say to the boy, Helen?”

“Oh,” she cried, “tell him to hurry and come to me!”

“I guess that’s as good as anything,” he answered.

She watched him while he made his way across the oval. She did not once turn her face again toward the football-field — not even when the shouts betokening some exciting happening arose. Nor did her husband pause or look back. The football game with St. John’s held no more interest for them.

But it was still sufficiently interesting for all the other spectators. After the umpire had declined to entertain St. Timothy’s protest, Crashaw turned toward the substitutes, and called, “Grannis!” And Grannis threw off his blanket and ran out on the field.

He had felt almost as stricken as Todd when he had seen the umpire take him by the arm and point toward the side-line. He had lowered his eyes when Todd went by, for he had been unwilling to gaze at him in his distress. And he had sat looking at the ground, silent,

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depressed, thinking of Todd, while the other substitutes round him were lamenting loudly the ill fate of the team.

Then he had heard Crashaw's call, and as he sprang up, a sense of elation, of which he was momentarily ashamed, sprang up in him. It was too strong to be suppressed by any emotion of sorrow for another, and he ran out with his heart beating excitedly and a spirit of eagerness in his feet.

Crashaw gave him a caressing pat on the back. "They 've set us back to the middle of the field," he said. "We 've got to have one of your long runs round the end, Granny."

The referee took the ball and started with it on his fifty-yard walk up the field. The two teams followed him — all except Hancock, the St. John's captain, who stood where the ball had last been down. He rubbed his chin for a moment, as if in some uncertainty; then he ran after the others, and called out, "Mr. Carey!"

The referee stopped and looked round.

"I guess we won't take advantage of that penalty," Hancock said. "We'll play from where the ball was down."

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Carey looked at him and smiled.

“All right,” he said. “That’s your privilege.” He began to retrace his steps; St. Timothy’s, on the side-line, signified their approval by clapping. Crashaw went up to the St. John’s captain, and said:—

“You’re a good sport, Hancock.”

“Oh, well,” Hancock answered, “we don’t want to have the game given to us.”

In truth, he felt uncomfortable; he was himself the cleanest of players, but he had been aware for some time of Blodgett’s unfair tricks. He had not had quite strength enough to tell Blodgett that he must give up those practices, useful as they were when they went undetected; but now that St. Timothy’s had lost a valuable man who had simply resented Blodgett’s hazing, he felt ashamed. He stepped back and muttered to Blodgett, “Now that they are ruling fellows off, you’d better be careful!” He spoke aloud, “Play hard now, everybody! Hold them! Don’t let them get another score!”

It was second down and five yards to gain, and the ball was on St. John’s ten-yard line. Crashaw tried to break through the center,

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but failed without gaining a yard. Then he fell back to try a goal from the field.

The ball came true to his hands, but the St. John's forwards came plunging through after it. He had to drop it and kick hurriedly; the ball carromed off the shoulder of the St. John's guard and flew straight into the arms of Grannis, who had stood by to protect Crashaw while he kicked. Grannis hugged it tight and ran. Most of the charging enemy had either overrun him or were so far to one side that they had no chance of capturing him; except for Hancock and Blodgett and the left end, he had a clear field, and interference formed in front of him quickly. Then rose the shout from St. Timothy's; then rushed the crowd together along the line, yelling jubilantly, yelling still jubilantly even after Grannis had been pulled down by Hancock, although he was five yards short of the St. John's goal.

He got up with the acclaim for his achievement ringing out gloriously. As he went to his position, he seemed to be passed from one approving hand to another. His blood was tingling, his spirits were dancing, he crouched eagerly, hoping for a signal that would again

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give him the ball. But Crashaw took it instead, and carried it to the two-yard line; and on the next rush Brewster scored a touchdown.

It was the great shout for Grannis's unexpected run that had drawn Todd to the window of the athletic house. He leaned with his head out of the window while the shouting continued; he could not see what was happening; but when the touchdown was made, he knew it by the frantic ebullition of the crowd. It seemed to disintegrate hilariously in all directions at once, hats were thrown into the air and flags were tossed about, individuals on the outskirts capered wildly — and near at hand Mr. Todd approached the athletic house, never once turning his head.

Somehow the understanding that St. Timothy's had in some miraculous way won the game, that they had not been deprived of victory through his fault, lifted Todd a little out of the gloom of despair. He no longer felt the wild impulse to rush away from the school without ever seeing one of the fellows again. Instead, he was aware of a surprising curiosity to learn just what had happened; he did not want to leave the school without hearing from

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somebody how the touchdown had been made.

His father looked up, saw him in the window, and quickened his steps.

“Daniel!” he called, in an agitated voice. “I’m coming in; I want to talk with you.”

But it seemed when he entered that he did not have very much to say. He took his boy’s hand and pressed it, he thumped him on the back kindly, and then he said, with unaccustomed constraint:—

“Don’t you feel badly, Daniel. We don’t care. Your mother sent me to tell you to come to her quick as ever you can.”

“I should think you’d both be ashamed of me,” said Todd.

“I’m proud of you,” asserted his father. “It’s nothing against a fellow if he hits out once in a while. That umpire ought to be ruled off himself; he’s no kind of a man.”

“They counted on me to keep control of myself,” Todd said. “Crashaw and all of them. And after all they did for me — after the way Grannis helped me! Father, I don’t want to stay in this school. Let me go home and go to work. After what’s happened to-day I’m done here.”

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“Why should you think that?”

“Because I’ve missed it in everything, and — well, they must think now what they all thought at first — that I’m a bluff and a chump and a — a mucker.”

Mr. Todd’s face grew red; he thought of the epithets that he had heard applied to his son out on the field; he brought his fist down on the bench on which he was sitting.

“I meant to do something for this school!” he exclaimed. “I’d have given ‘em a swimming-pool or anything you’d have said — but if that’s the sort of snobs they are, the sooner you get out of here the better. Now your mother’s waiting for you, so hurry and put on your clothes.”

Todd undressed in silence and went into the bathroom, while his father sat moodily on the bench. He was still sitting there when Todd came out, dripping, and rubbed himself down.

“Yes, that’s right,” he said. “Be quick, now. I don’t feel as if I wanted to sit here and see any of those young snobs.”

“They’re not,” said Todd abruptly. “Do you know how they got down from the middle of the field to make that touchdown, father?”

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“I don’t know and I don’t care!” replied Mr. Todd, with feeling.

There was another wild shout outside; half-dressed as he was, Todd ran again to the window.

“The game’s over!” he called to his father. “We’ve won! The fellows are carrying the team on their shoulders!”

There was something wistful in the way he said those words that made his father reply:—

“Don’t you care, Daniel.”

Todd gazed out of the window a moment longer. Then he came back and resumed his dressing.

“They’re coming,” he said.

There was a sudden trampling of feet on the steps; then the door was flung open, and in burst Crashaw and his victorious team. They rushed up to Todd, they poured round him. Mr. Todd drew back to let the noisy, grimy horde have place. Their voices were raised in happy excitement; they pounded Todd on the back; they expressed their appreciation in a discordant chorus:—

“It was a rotten shame you were ruled off!”

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“Anyway, you gained more yards than anybody else!”

“Nobody lays it up against you, Dan.”

“That umpire was an idiot!”

And then it was Crashaw who sat down on the bench, put his arm round Todd, and said:—

“Todd, old man, don’t feel sore because you were laid off. It was hard luck — and you’d held yourself in just about as much as a fellow could. And I want you to know that everybody on the team realizes that if you had n’t passed that examination to-day, we never would have won.”

“Thank you,” said Todd. “I — well, I had n’t thought you’d take it that way.”

He would have said more, but at that moment Hancock entered, followed by his eleven. They scattered silently to the lockers that had been assigned them; there was a moment of constraint and silence on both sides. Then Hancock came up to Crashaw, and said, with a smile:—

“Well, you turned the trick on us, Crashaw. Shake hands.”

“You bet!” said Crashaw.

Then Hancock bent down and said to Todd:

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“It was hard luck you were ruled off. I want to tell you that we all think you played a mighty clean game.”

Before Todd could make any reply, Hancock turned and went to his locker at the farther end of the room.

“He’s as white a fellow as I ever played against,” Crashaw said to Todd.

“He’s all right,” Todd agreed. “But tell me how you won — after you’d been set back all that distance?”

“We weren’t set back; Hancock refused to accept the penalty. I guess” — Crashaw dropped his voice — “he felt that you’d got a pretty rough deal. Well, they held us and blocked my try for a field goal, but Grannis got the ball and made a fine little run; then we pushed it over.”

“Where’s Granny?” Todd asked.

Crashaw looked round.

“He was here; he must have gone into the bathroom. That’s the place for me.”

So Grannis had distinguished himself. Todd felt that it was not such an unkind world, after all. He wanted to find Grannis and tell him how glad he was; he remembered how

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Grannis had been among those who had surrounded him and poured out their consolation, how he had tried to get near, as if to say something special, and had then given way when Crashaw had pushed in and taken possession. He must see Grannis before he left the building.

Mr. Todd had withdrawn, and was standing alone by the door. His son came up to him, and said:—

“Father, you’d better not wait. Tell mother that I’m all right; I’ll be out soon. I want to see Grannis a moment first.”

Mr. Todd looked at him with a somewhat uncertain smile.

“Not in such a hurry to leave, after all,” he remarked. “Are you coming home with me, to go to work in the factory?”

“Well, no,” Todd said. “I guess I’ll stay and stick it out.”

“I should think you would. Those young snobs don’t seem to be such a bad lot, after all. I’ll tell your mother that she need n’t worry about you any more. Don’t keep us waiting for you too long.”

Mr. Todd opened the door, and as he passed

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out, his son had a glimpse of a dense crowd that seemed to be besieging the steps.

The dressing-rooms were ringing now with talk and laughter. St. John's and St. Timothy's were holding friendly intercourse about the game. St. Timothy's declared they were glad that it was over; St. John's sighed because it could not be played again. Todd, passing down the aisle between the lockers and looking for Grannis, bumped against Blodgett, who, with his head back and his neck stretched, was buttoning his collar.

"I beg your pardon," said Todd; and then, as he saw who it was, the humor of that particular apology struck him, and he laughed. "That's a funny thing for me to be saying to you, just for accidentally jogging your elbow, isn't it?"

But Blodgett did not rise to the opportunity. He felt that he was unpopular with his own team and disliked by St. Timothy's, and that Todd had taken care of him too successfully. He merely grunted in a surly way, and turned his back.

Todd passed on, and saw Grannis brushing his hair in front of the mirror. He went up

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to him, and slapped him affectionately on his shoulder.

“They tell me you were the whole thing, Granny!” he cried. “Was n’t it lucky that I had to get out of the game!”

“I had the most wonderful bull luck!” exclaimed Grannis. His eyes shone with excitement and enthusiasm. “The ball came right to me, and there was n’t a St. John’s man anywhere near.”

“I wish I’d seen your run,” said Todd. “But just about that time I’d lost interest in the game.”

“Oh, I know how you must have felt. But anyway, you see how everybody feels about you now.”

“I never expected it,” Todd answered. “You know, I had my mind all made up to leave St. Timothy’s to-night and never come back.”

“Oh,” said Grannis, “but you’d never have done that after seeing me.”

“Why?” Todd asked.

“Because,” Grannis whispered to him, “you could n’t have helped being glad that you’d given me that chance and helped me to be so happy.”

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“Are you that, Granny?”

“Well — ” Grannis was silent, and turned his head away. When he looked again at Todd his eyes were bright with unshed tears. “That was your father in here, was n’t it, Dan? He must have liked seeing you play. I guess he understands, but if he does n’t, I’ll explain to him about the slugging.”

“He understands,” said Todd. “But I think probably my mother would be glad to hear anything pleasant that you can say to her. And there’s one thing, Granny, I want to say to you, and that is — you’ve been the best kind of a friend to me.”

Grannis slipped into his coat and surreptitiously gave Todd’s hand a squeeze.

The St. John’s players were closing and strapping up their bags; some of them were moving toward the door.

“This way, St. Timothy’s!” called Crashaw.

His team gathered round him, and under his leadership gave three times three for St. John’s. Hancock at once called on St. John’s to give three times three for St. Timothy’s. And so the visitors departed; when they went out and down the steps, the waiting crowd of

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St. Timothy's hailed them with clapping; and when they climbed into their barges and drove away, it was to the farewell of a cheer.

In the athletic house, Crashaw looked round triumphantly at the faces of his team.

"Now," he said, "I guess we 'll have to run the gauntlet."

He stepped to the door and opened it, and instantly there rose from the throng below the shout, "Crashaw! Crashaw! Crashaw!" At the top of the steps, while the crowd was shouting wildly, Ridgely sprang forward and held him.

"One at a time!" he shouted. "Wait!" And still holding Crashaw, he called for three times three for the captain of the team. "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!" rose the roar, and "Crashaw!" was three times repeated at the end of it. And after that, the bearer of that proud name was suffered to descend into the crowd. Then came Quintard, and then Brewster, each cheered handsomely, and then Todd found himself pushed out into Ridgely's hands. At the sight of him a great spontaneous shout arose, as great and spontaneous as the appearance of Crashaw had evoked—a shout to assure him of sympathy and forgiveness and

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admiration. “Yes,” cried Ridgely, when he could be heard, “yes, you want to cheer this fellow! Todd! Three times three, now!” And then they roared it out, as enthusiastically as for the captain; and off in one of the carriages a stout lady was wiping her eyes with her hand-kerchief, and a tall man sat erect and looked more imperturbable than he felt. In a few moments more Todd was with them, and his mother’s arms were round his neck.

Grannis was one of the last to come out; he felt that the crowd surely gave him his share. He found himself a little later walking up to the dormitory with Mr. Dean.

“So your name will be emblazoned on a shield in the athletic house,” said the master. “I was noticing the spaces to-day; it will hang right opposite your father’s.”

“I thought of that,” said Grannis.

“I’m glad you had your chance,” continued Mr. Dean. “I’m still more glad you gave Todd his. That showed me, Grannis, that you were your father’s son. For he never lost an opportunity to make one for somebody else.”

On the whole, that pleased Grannis more than all the applause.

CHAPTER XII

PURSUED BY THE JINX

FOR a few days after the game with St. John's, Todd and Grannis and Crashaw, and to a lesser degree the whole school, busied themselves — if such a phrase can be employed — in the unyouthful occupation of living in the past. When they were not studying, they were rehearsing to themselves and to one another the drama in which they had taken part or of which they had been spectators; they could not free their minds of it over their books, on their walks, or at their meals; they debated over the proper assignment of honors to the members of the home team, and were just as busy and eager in the discussion on the third day as on the first; equally they continued to be enthusiastic in lauding Hancock's chivalry and vehement in denouncing Blodgett's trickery.

Then came the day before Thanksgiving; the weather turned cold; and on the morning of the holiday the school awoke to find the

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ponds frozen and to clatter downstairs to breakfast shouting joyously, "Skating!" Football was no longer in any one's mind; the promise of a fresh activity usurped its place. And nobody envied now the fellows whose families lived so near that they were permitted to go home for Thanksgiving dinner; there was a lot of compensation in being able to enjoy the first skating of the year.

After breakfast there was again a wild holiday clatter and clamor throughout the dormitories — fellows rushing up the stairs to get hockey-sticks and skates, fellows rushing down the stairs with hockey-sticks and skates, and bumping into those who were going up; a few brief minutes of bustle and noise and confusion; and then in all the buildings the silence of emptiness.

Todd and Grannis were among the first to reach the shore of the pond behind the Gymnasium, and to glide out upon the smooth black ice. They raced up to the swimming-hole and back round the small island and into the cove by the Lower School where the little kids were tottering and tumbling and cavorting; and then they came back again to the

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middle of the pond and sailed about on the outer edge and wheeled and circled. In a few moments the ice was alive with skaters, ringing with the whirr of steel, echoing with the shouts of youth; tennis, baseball, football, all were sport, but nothing in the world was so exhilarating as skating! Nothing else gave you such a sensation of freedom and power, or made you feel as if you were soaring even while you kept a foot on earth. So at least felt Todd and Grannis in the first ecstasy; and those who were not expert like them, but wobbled on the outskirts and watched enviously, felt that so it would be if they could do those feats of skill and speed and grace and balance.

But exhilarating though it was for a while to flourish and sweep and sail and circle, it could not long satisfy the fellows who could do it best; and soon Todd and Grannis were both taking part in a hockey game that Quintard and Crashaw organized. The disembodied joy of floating and soaring was less than the full-bodied joy of rushing and striving and battling; they clashed and raced and collided, they snatched the puck and ran with it, they came

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up breathless, panting, and eager when it was knocked out of bounds. Both of them were skilled hockey players; Grannis was the cleverer, Todd the more speedy—bull-like in his rushing. Even Crashaw could hardly match his speed. “When he goes by, it’s like hearing the rush of a young express train,” Crashaw said afterwards.

They kept it up until noon when the “quarter-bell” on top of the Study sounded and summoned all the skaters from the ice. A few minutes later they were trooping into the Thanksgiving service in the Chapel. The sunlight reached bright arms through the colored windows and touched here and there the heads of the young congregation; the warmth of it, after so much exercise in the sharp air, set some heads to nodding, made cheeks more ruddy and more glowing, and seemed to spread even through the sacred place the cheerful, happy holiday spirit. And the rector, sympathetic with young blood, was merciful; there was a short service and a short sermon, and then the brisk and eager tread of youths well satisfied to have finished with their devotions and very agreeably con-

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scious of the imminence of their Thanksgiving dinner.

Once outside the Chapel, nobody loitered that day; all made for their dormitories, and by the time the dining-rooms were thrown open, hungry hordes were pressing about the doors. And surely on this day the dinner did not disappoint. There was oyster soup to begin with — on each table a noble tureen of it, to which many a plate traveled to be replenished. The passing of the tureen but prepared the way for a grander glory, a mammoth and yet succulent turkey, with breast enough for every one and wings and drumsticks only for those who demanded them; worthy of mention also were the bunches of celery and the smooth and quivering mounds of cranberry. And then the superstructure of the feast — mince pies that were all currants and raisins and chunks of citron, squash pies that seemed the harmony of all the spices! For an hour and a quarter by the clock the boys stuffed themselves, pausing only for an occasional appreciative outcry to the effect that they could hardly do better if they were at home. Yet half an hour later they were

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again out upon the ice, performing their initial evolutions, it is true, with a certain portliness, but gradually regaining their normal activity. Todd, Grannis, Crashaw, and the others resumed their hockey game of the morning and pursued it with unflagging vigor until the waning light of the short afternoon made it impossible to go on. Then Crashaw invited them all to his room in the Upper School and served them with hot chocolate and guava jelly and mince pie, the contents of his Thanksgiving box from home, of which they partook with an unbounded gusto.

“Bully!” Quintard said at last with a sigh, leaning back and folding his hands contentedly on his stomach. “Great not to be in training when a day like this happens along.”

“We’ll have to get into training again pretty soon,” replied Crashaw. He turned to Ted Bruce, who was the Pythian hockey captain. “Ted, when are you going to call out the candidates?”

“To-morrow. I hope this cold weather will hold from now till Christmas. Mr. Randolph says they’re going to flood the rink to-morrow.”

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“Where is that?” Grannis asked.

“In the meadow below the Upper, where the brook runs. We play all the hockey games there; the rink is just the regulation size, surrounded by a two-foot board, so that you’re not always chasing the puck out of bounds. Our first game with the Corinthians is scheduled for the Saturday before the Christmas holidays. It will be a crime if the weather man spoils it.”

For a week the weather man disclosed only the most beneficent intentions; it was a week of clear, cold days and starry nights. Every afternoon the entire school turned out for the skating; and because on the rink and the pond by the Gymnasium there was really not space to accommodate all who wanted to play hockey, parties of boys accompanied by masters would tramp daily one or two miles to other ponds where they might have freer scope. The candidates for the first sevens, both Pythians and Corinthians, had either the rink or an adequate playing surface on the Gymnasium pond reserved for them. Grannis and Todd, practicing on the rival teams, did not meet again in any scrub game after the Thanks-

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giving Day encounter. When the two sevens were finally chosen, Grannis was assigned to the position of right wing on the Pythians, Todd was chosen to play center on the Corinthians. Most of the players on the hockey sevens had played also on one or the other of the football elevens; for instance, on the Pythians besides Grannis and Bruce there were Hawley, McIntyre, and Morris; only Roberts at coverpoint and Kingsley at goal had not won the football letter. The Corinthians had four football men in Todd, Quintard, Brewster, and Stevens. Brewster was captain and goal-keeper; Warren at point and two of the forwards, Morse and Hunt, were hockey veterans, although in football they had attained only secondary distinction.

"I wonder," said Todd to Grannis after the lists were posted, "what my next break will be. It will be too good to be true if I go through the hockey season without pulling some boob stunt or other."

"No, you won't," Grannis assured him. "You're all right now, and you'll stay so."

Todd shook his head. "I'm almost superstitious about myself. I doubt if I've shaken

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my jinx yet. Something tells me he's still camping on my trail."

"What are you afraid of? You're all right in your studies now, are n't you?"

"As far as I know."

"I don't see that you have anything to worry about."

"No, I don't either. But somehow I'm afraid of that jinx."

And Todd again gravely shook his head.

Grannis laughed in free amusement. "You're a funny dick," he said. "When things were all wrong with you, you never worried, and when they're all right, you begin."

Certainly Todd did not permit his vague apprehensions to make him unhappy, and he confided them to no one but Grannis. He did not often have time to think about himself nowadays; in the study periods he was healthily busy striving to better his standing in his classes; and his recreation time he gave with great enthusiasm to the hockey practice. That was interrupted the second week in December by a heavy downfall of snow; and though the hockey enthusiasts were disgusted, the rank and file of the school, who were

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ickle persons, did not care. They thought that snowshoeing and coasting and snowballing were sports in no way inferior to skating. Every afternoon parties of boys left snowshoe trails over the smooth surface of the fields and through the woods; there was a constant procession of sleds climbing the long slope of Timmins Hill, and a dizzying flight of sleds skimming down; and in the sunny noons battle lines would spontaneously form on opposite sides of the road, behind fences and trees, and snowballs would hurtle back and forth to the accompaniment of challenging, derisive cries and shouts of hilarious laughter.

Then in another week, there came a soft south wind, the sun shone warm, the snow in the roads became slush and trickles of water became rivulets; icicles broke from the eaves and crashed to the pavements, avalanches thundered down from sloping roofs, the boys slopped about in arctics, snowballed one another continuously, and appeared at afternoon study with hair disheveled, collars wilted, and wiping moist red hands on soggy-looking handkerchiefs. That evening in the school

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room there was much hoarse coughing, and afterwards, on their way to the dormitories, fifteen or twenty fellows stopped at the Infirmary to have their throats sprayed or to be dosed with quinine or whatever else the doctor prescribed. Two or three were detained in the Infirmary for a couple of days; the rector and the school physician were always fearful that from an epidemic of colds some more serious epidemic might start.

Todd was among the patients who reported with a sore throat that evening. Ordinarily he would have thought nothing about it and would have done nothing about it; the prospect, however, that the thaw would be followed by a freeze and that the hockey practice would soon be resumed imposed on him an unusual sense of responsibility for his health. Grannis, who had heard him barking at intervals through the study hour, asked him what was the matter.

“My jinx,” Todd answered huskily. “I knew it would get me. Probably I’ll have diphtheria or scarlet fever, and put the whole school on the bum.”

“Oh, cheer up,” Grannis answered. “I don’t

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believe you're in for a spell of ill health. All you need is a gargle and a pill."

The doctor agreed with Grannis on this point; and Todd, who had been prepared to have himself sentenced to bed as an invalid, felt much relieved. The next morning, when Grannis questioned him, he was unable to profess any alarm about his condition.

"There, you see," said Grannis, "that jinx of yours, as you call it, is settled for good and all."

"I wish I could think so." Todd shook his head. "He'll get me yet; I feel it."

Grannis jeered at the superstition. "You belong back in the dark ages. Don't go blabbing round to others about your jinx; they'll think you have a bug. You can confide in me all you want to; I'll keep your melancholy secret."

Todd refused to be laughed out of his forebodings. He took measures, however, to dispel the baleful influence of the jinx — measures which he never confided even to Grannis. He selected a penny to carry in his right-hand trousers pocket as a lucky piece; he made a point of always wearing his undershirt wrong

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side out; he transferred his watch from the right-hand waistcoat pocket to the left; he altered his whole system of dressing himself; that is, instead of beginning at the top and dressing down, he began at the bottom and dressed up. Surely all these precautions should have been enough to ward off the attacks of the most malignant and persistent jinx. And yet, in the end, Todd's jinx "got" him.

Rain followed the thaw, swept the ground bare of snow, opened up the ponds again, increased the number of mischief-makers indoors and filled the schoolroom in playtime with culprits who were working out the penalty of their misdemeanors. But Todd walked circumspectly and there was no fault to be found with him. He occupied himself in the Gymnasium, which was thronged; shrill, vociferous small boys disported themselves upon the mats and played tag about the floor to the annoyance of their elders, who were swinging on the rings or practicing on the horizontal or the parallel bars, or demanding a clear way in which to do the running high jump. Grannis invited Todd to compete with him and Crashaw in some daring ladder-climbing

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feats, but Todd felt that it might be just the opportunity that the jinx was waiting for and so devoted himself to more inglorious exercises. He pulled chest-weights, ran round the padded track, cavorted on the flying rings, and put up heavy dumb bells — the last performance to the gratifying interest of a gaping juvenile audience. When at the end of the afternoon he rubbed himself down, he could not help muttering to himself, "I don't see how it can get me. I'm as hard as nails."

That night it turned cold; toward morning fellows woke up and reached for extra blankets and went to sleep again with knees snuggled close to their chins. And when they stuck their noses out of doors after breakfast, the very air seemed to crackle with the cold.

In the afternoon ponds and rink were again the scenes of great activity. Hockey practice again claimed the attention of the school.

It continued to do so for the next week; the weather held fair, the ice grew thicker and blacker, and on the last Saturday of the term, three days before the beginning of the Christmas vacation, the Pythians and Corinthians met in their first championship match.

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The game was played on the rink; just outside the low wooden barrier inclosing it spread the spectators, big and little, stretching in a line all the way round. Their knitted caps were pulled over their ears, their hands were thrust deep into overcoat pockets, and they frequently jigged up and down on the hard frozen ground, but never after the first appearance of the two teams was their enthusiasm chilled. The Corinthians wore blue and white striped jerseys, the Pythians orange and black — all except the two goal keepers. Brewster for the Corinthians had attempted to utilize the theory of protective coloration and so appeared against the goal net in drab-colored sweater and football breeches, with dirty shin-pads to protect him from the knees down; he made a striking contrast to Kingsley at the other goal. Kingsley, always a bird of gay plumage, wore a bright red sweater and white leggins that shone in the sun.

Mr. Randolph, who was serving as referee, skated to the middle of the rink; Todd and McIntyre faced each other in front of him. "All ready!" he called, and then he dropped the puck and McIntyre poked it under Todd's

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stick up toward the Corinthians' goal. Warren stopped it and passed it to Morse, who raced down one side of the rink with it until Crashaw plucked it out from under him — only to lose it to Todd the next moment. So for a few minutes went the play, fast but indecisive, with first one goal being threatened and then the other. Finally Crashaw got a chance and tried to shoot a goal, but Kingsley brought his shining white pads dexterously into play and averted the disaster — to the applause of the Corinthian spectators. A moment later Todd seized the puck and carried it almost the length of the rink; then, as Roberts closed in on him, he flicked it to Hunt, directly in front of the goal, and Hunt shot it past Brewster — protective coloration and all — for the first score.

The Pythians came up raging and eager for revenge. Grannis made a brilliant run, only to have Kingsley foil his attempt; Crashaw tried to sneak a goal from a difficult angle and missed it by a hair; then Todd was racing again down the rink, driving the puck before him. He veered to escape Hanley and sent the puck carroming against the barrier.

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Grannis bore down upon it desperately. Todd pursued it desperately. They were equally reckless; without abating their speed they crashed together and fell headlong over the barrier, Grannis underneath. His right foot did not clear the top; his skate caught and held; and Todd came down with all his weight on the extended leg. He heard Grannis give a groan and picked himself up to find him lying white-faced and helpless.

Todd dropped to his knees in a panic.

“Granny, old man,” he said, putting his hand on Grannis’s shoulder, “are you hurt?”

“Leg’s busted, I guess.” Grannis’s lips were tense with pain; his shoulders writhed, and he hid his face on his arms.

A crowd gathered round, hockey players and spectators.

“Move back, boys, move back,” cried Mr. Randolph.

And Mr. Eldridge and Mr. Stearns, masters who had been watching the game, came hurrying up and took charge of the situation.

“We must get him over to the Infirmary,” said Mr. Eldridge. “Cooper”—he addressed a fifth-former,—“you run over there and

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have them make things ready, have them telephone for Dr. Vincent at once. Now, then, Belknap, Gordon, Burnett, King, Ridgely, you fellows stand by and help Mr. Stearns and me carry him. We'll try not to hurt you, Grannis; it's only a little way."

"That's all right; I can stand it." Grannis's voice was muffled. The pain was excruciating, but he was trying to think how unworthy it was of him to feel it. He fixed his mind on that night of horror when, terrified and heart-broken, he had searched the ground beside the wrecked train and seen men and women suffering and dying, some of them with hardly a groan. If people could stand pain as those did that night, he ought to do as well.

Todd said pleadingly, "Can't I help, Mr. Eldridge?"

"No, you have your skates on. We shall be able to manage all right. Now, then, Grannis, we'll be just as gentle as we can. Belknap, you and Gordon take hold of his arms, that's right; Ridgely, support his head; Burnett and King, you take the left leg; Mr. Stearns and I will take hold of the game one. — Now, are we all ready? All right — gently, gently!"

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It may have been "gently," but Grannis wondered how much worse "roughly" could have made him feel. After the first lift, though, it was not quite so bad; he lay swinging and looking up at the sky, and presently he smiled a little ruefully and said, "Poor old Todd does have bad luck, does n't he?"

"Poor old who?" It was Belknap who spoke, but they were all looking down at Grannis with amazement. "It was n't Todd that got smashed up, you know," Belknap said soothingly, as one might speak in an effort to restore to calmness a delirious mind.

"No, but I guess he feels as badly as I do. He'll surely think his jinx has a life grip on him."

"I should worry about my own jinx if I were you," remarked Belknap. "It seems to be pretty active on its job."

"Hurt you much, old man?" Ridgely asked.

"Oh, it's not so bad," Grannis answered.

But it was bad enough, and there was no appreciable relief when at last he was laid down on a bed in the Infirmary. In fifteen minutes, however, the doctor and his assistant arrived, and soon Grannis was, temporarily at least, relieved of pain.

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Meanwhile, down at the rink the hockey game had been resumed. Huntington, a fourth-former, had taken Grannis's place. He rushed into the play with undaunted exuberance and enthusiasm which contrasted sharply with the lack of spirit shown for a few moments by some of the others. Crashaw and Todd particularly seemed to have been slowed up by the accident. Soon, however, Crashaw warmed again to his work and went dashing after the puck with his former zeal. Not so Todd; he lagged and made only timid attempts to do his part. And in a little while he signaled to Mr. Randolph for time out, and then, skating up to Brewster, said:—

“Brewster, I can't play any more. I keep thinking of what I did to Grannis. There's no use; it's got my nerve.”

“It was n't your fault,” said Brewster; but a look into Todd's distressed eyes told him that the case was beyond argument. “All right, Dan, if you feel that way about it.” He turned to the group of substitutes standing at one side of the rink and called, “Stewart.”

Todd skated off, stepped over the barrier, and sitting down on the ground took off his

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skating-boots and put on his shoes. Two or three fellows condoled with him, but he was too disturbed in mind to be responsive to their sympathy.

He hastened to the Infirmary, but found that there was as yet no news of his patient. So he walked up and down in front of the building, anxiously looking up at its windows and wondering in what room Grannis was lying; he walked up and down until at last Dr. Vincent came out.

“It’s a pretty bad break,” said the doctor in reply to the boy’s eager question. “Compound fracture, but there’s no reason to doubt that in time the leg will be as good as it ever was. He’ll have to lie on his back for the next few weeks; I’m afraid his Christmas vacation is pretty thoroughly spoiled.”

The doctor hastened away; the briskness with which he walked furnished a contrast to Todd’s dejected gait as he turned his steps toward the school. From the rink there came a sudden burst of cheering, but Todd did not raise his head; in his sorrow he could feel no interest whatever in the outcome of that game.

CHAPTER XIII

GRANNIS HANGS UP HIS STOCKING

TODD was not permitted to see Grannis until the morning after the accident. The fact that no one reproached him, that every one sympathized with him and seemed to think the better of him for feeling so badly about Grannis's misfortune, did not lift the heaviness from his heart. That night he wrote his mother a long letter, in which perhaps he revealed his feelings to her as he had never done before.

When he was admitted to the sick-room and saw the patient, tears came into his eyes. Grannis's face looked pale and drawn, his eyes big and feverish, and though he smiled at Todd as he put out his hand, his lips tightened suddenly under a sharp attack of pain.

"Oh, Granny," Todd said, holding his friend's hand tight and bending over him, "I'm so sorry! I wish, honestly, it had been me!"

"Well, you ought to be glad it's not," replied Grannis, with a wry smile. "It was n't

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your fault in any way, Dan.—Tell me, who won?"

"You fellows, five to three."

"Good for us! What were you doing all that time?"

"Oh, I dropped out soon after you were hurt. I lost my nerve."

Grannis gave him an affectionate glance. "Yes, I know what that means. You were so broken up thinking about me that you could n't play any more. Cheer up and get back into the game again; I'll be with you before you know it."

"Of course you will." Todd produced a cheerful smile. "But you've got to let me do something to amuse you, Granny. Don't you want me to read to you?"

"No, thanks. Not just now."

"I'll come in and read to you this afternoon if you'd like it."

"I might. Ask the fellows to drop in. I want to see all I can of them before the vacation."

"That's what breaks me all up," said Todd dolefully. "Spoiling your Christmas vacation for you."

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“Well, as long as I had to get a broken leg, I might just as well be here for Christmas as anywhere else. Christmas can’t ever be much of a day for me any more. If this sort of an accident had to happen to some one, there could n’t have been a more suitable victim.”

“You take it mighty well, Granny.”

“When the worst that can happen in the world has already happened to a fellow, it’s easy enough to take anything else well. Nothing seems very bad any more.”

The two boys were silent for a few moments. Then Grannis’s face brightened and he spoke cheerfully.

“Now don’t let yourself get unhappy thinking about me, Dan. You might write to me once in a while during the vacation and tell me how you’re getting on. I shall be sitting up in bed reading novels and writing articles for the ‘Mirror’; I’m going to have a nice, comfortable, restful, quiet time. And if the winter’s a good long one and my pin mends as it should, I shall be having another whack at you on the ice.”

“I’ll turn and run, the moment I see you coming,” said Todd, and they both laughed;

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and then the nurse came in to say that the patient had better be left to himself.

Yet, although Grannis could and did assume cheerfulness when Todd and when others came to see him, it was pretty hard for him the last afternoon of the term. Lying in his bed he could look out of the window and observe what passed in the road where it climbed the hill to vanish in the direction of the town. He saw express wagons piled high with trunks labor slowly up the hill and disappear, and the sight caused a sensation in his throat of which he was ashamed; he had an aversion to anything that was in the nature of self-pity. He saw a barge-load of boys, cheering and shouting, drive up the hill a few moments later, and knew that they were fellows who lived so far away that they were permitted to leave for home a day in advance of the others. If it were not for his misfortune, he would be with them now.

A knock on his door made him realize that there were tears in his eyes; he winked them out and called in his gayest voice, "Come in."

It was Crashaw and Quintard come to say

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good-bye; they still had their packing to do and were to leave in the morning after an early breakfast, they explained, so this seemed their last chance to shake his hand.

"I guess that the rector and any of the natives that are here will be good to you," Crashaw said. "And probably in a couple of weeks you'll be getting about with a crutch."

"Oh, I guess so," Grannis said cheerfully, though the doctor had given him no such hope.

"It's mighty tough luck," said Quintard, "but just the same, Granny, I'm going to wish you a Merry Christmas. And we'll be thinking of you that day."

"That's right," agreed Crashaw.

So they shook hands and departed — not without a sense of relief that a painful duty was over. They were sorry for Grannis and they couldn't help feeling that to have people bid him good-bye must aggravate his sense of misfortune.

Others came that afternoon on the same errand; in fact, there was a stream of visitors at the Infirmary. Among them came Mr. Dean. He sat down and stayed for some

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time; he led Grannis to talk about his father, and he recalled memories of the days when the elder Grannis had been a boy at the school.

“I wish you had known my mother, too, Mr. Dean,” Grannis said wistfully.

“Yes, I should like to be able to talk with you about her. I remember how charming she was that day many years ago when your father brought her here as his bride. They were here only a few hours. I remember just how they looked. They were very happy. They brought a sort of holiday radiance that day into the school.”

“Yes, I think of them as never anything but happy. I guess it’s up to me to be cheerful, anyway.”

Mr. Dean took the boy’s hand.

“We’ve learned to feel, Alfred, that we can count on you always to do your best. If you can look out of your window and smile on the world these next few days, you’ll be showing good courage. I shall be coming back to the school in about a week and then I’ll help you all I can.”

“Thank you. Merry Christmas, Mr. Dean.”

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And as the master's tall form disappeared through the door Grannis determined not to bemoan his fate, even to himself.

The bell summoning the school to afternoon study rang; he heard the rush of belated feet along the boardwalk under his window. Everyone had come to see him and bid him good-bye who might reasonably be expected to do so,— every one except Todd. And of course Todd would come; Todd would not go away without bidding him good-bye.

Late in the afternoon Grannis dozed off; he was awakened by a knock on his door. It was Todd who entered.

"Well, Granny," he said, "how goes it? No more pain, I hope?"

"No, hardly any. Oh, I'm going to have a very comfortable time of it. You make an early start to-morrow morning?"

"I have to get up for half-past six breakfast. Is there anything you'd like to have me do for you this evening, Granny? Anybody that you want to see?"

"No, thanks. The fellows have been mighty good. They've been trooping in all the afternoon. I hope you have a fine Christmas, Dan.

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I shall expect to get long letters from you telling me all about it."

"I'm not much of a letter-writer, but anything that I can do to help, why, I'll do it."

"Just let me know that you're having a bully good time and not worrying any more about your jinx."

"No, I'm not worrying any more. Something tells me that he's done with me now, for keeps." Todd spoke with a seriousness that caused Grannis to smile. "I've got him licked — down and out."

"How did you do it?"

"I can't tell you. But I just feel that he's a dead one."

"Good enough — there's the dinner bell; you'd better run. I shan't see you again; Merry Christmas, Dan."

"Same to you, Granny. Good-bye."

And Todd disappeared, leaving Grannis to meditate humorously on his queer superstitions.

The next morning, before the dawn broke, all was bustle and confusion in St. Timothy's School. Lights glimmered in rooms and corridors; half-dressed boys went bounding down

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the stairs to the lavatories for the hastiest scrub of the year; through open doors one might see collarless and disheveled youths kneeling upon swollen suit-cases in a passionate effort to make them shut; occasionally there would arise a cry, "Who the dickens has swiped my railroad ticket?" or "Oh, blub! Lend me a collar, somebody; I packed all mine in my trunk."

At the sound of the breakfast bell there was a livelier scurrying; last articles were swept into bags, and bags were closed somehow; in a few moments all the boys were standing at their places in the dining-room while the master at the head table said grace. Outdoors it was dark; to be eating breakfast by electric light was in itself a feature that contributed to the atmosphere of excitement and expectancy. Soon the meal was over; the boys crowded to the doors, ran upstairs to collect their baggage, darted about the corridors shouting good-bye to one another, shaking hands with the masters; there was in the midst of haste and bustle, an air of exuberant good feeling. Mr. Dean stood at the entrance of the building, watch in hand, and marshaled the boys out to the waiting

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barges and sleighs. As soon as each vehicle was filled it started off, while the crowd that it conveyed gave vociferously and repeatedly the St. Timothy's cheer. Finally but one sleigh remained, the last of the boys got into it. "All aboard!" shouted Mr. Dean up the stairs, and then, after waiting a moment and hearing no response, he gave the signal to the driver. The sleighbells jingled, the boys shouted; three minutes later the dormitory, and indeed all of St. Timothy's School, was peaceful and silent.

Mr. Dean went to his room and then at his leisure completed the preparations for his own departure. It grew light, the early sun shone on the snow-covered ground; the sleigh that Mr. Dean had summoned to convey him to the station swept merrily down the school avenue and drew up at the door. In a few moments the master came out, handed his bag to the driver, and settled himself comfortably — determined to enter upon immediate enjoyment of the brief period during which he should be free from care.

But just as the sleigh turned from the school avenue into the main road, his eyes encountered Daniel Todd, strolling along with his hands

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plunged deep in his overcoat pockets and his head thrown back in characteristic independent fashion. In amazement Mr. Dean cried, "Todd! Todd!" and commanded the driver to stop.

"How is this?" he asked, as Todd approached. "Did you get left behind, Todd?"

"I was in my room when the fellows went off," Todd replied.

"I called up the stairs, and there was no answer. I don't see how you could have been overlooked. Jump in here, we'll drive back and get your things, and you can take the train with me."

"Thank you, Mr. Dean, but I'm going to stay here. It was n't an accident, my being left behind. I heard you when you called; but I had decided not to go home for the vacation."

Mr. Dean looked at him a moment in silent amazement. "What," he said at last, "has led you to such an astounding decision?"

"I'm going to stop and help look out for Grannis." The boy's tone and manner, with their trace of defiance and defensiveness, touched the master.

"How do your family feel about it? Won't

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it be a great disappointment to them? Have you confided your plan to any one — the rector, for instance?"

"No, I was going down to see him now. I did n't suppose he would object."

"He probably won't." Mr. Dean paused. "He will probably feel about it as I do, Todd, — that it's one of the finest acts of friendship and self-sacrifice ever recorded of a boy in this school."

"Oh, no," said Todd, flushing. "It's just that Grannis is my best friend."

"All right; you can excuse it in any way you will, but I have my opinion. Good-bye, Todd, old man."

It was partly that unaccustomed appellation from the master's lips, partly the fact that Mr. Dean pulled off his glove before shaking hands with him, that left Todd trying to swallow the emotion that was suddenly choking him. For that moment, at least, Mr. Dean's words had given him a thrill almost comparable to that which he had experienced when making a series of successful plunges through the St. John's line.

The rector was as astonished, as appreciative, and as sympathetic as Mr. Dean had been.

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“But I don’t know that we should have allowed you to carry out your plan if you had taken us into your confidence,” he said.

“I was afraid of that, and so I kept quiet,” Todd answered.

Dr. Davenport laughed and laid a kindly hand on the boy’s shoulder.

“We’ll at least try to make things as home-like for you as possible. You must come to the rectory for your meals and consider yourself one of the family. And now I suppose you want to go in and see Grannis?”

“Yes, I do.”

“All right. You’re at liberty to go and come as you please; you’ll be under no restrictions of bounds during the vacation. We shall look for you at luncheon here at one o’clock. We dine at seven.”

Except for the rather awe-inspiring idea that he was to take his meals at the rectory, Todd began to think that the vacation might hold unsuspected possibilities of fun. Certainly it was fun to walk into the Infirmary and surprise Grannis. The eyes with which Grannis greeted him were supremely incredulous.

“Dan!” he exclaimed, after a moment during

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which Todd had stood grinning at him. "You missed your train! What hard luck!"

"Oh, no," said Todd. "I have n't missed any train. I'm not going to take any train. Never intended to."

Grannis stared, and then, as Todd continued to grin, understanding flashed upon him.

"You did n't — oh, Dan, you did n't stay because of me!" And then, as Todd's grin became merely more sheepish, Grannis cried, "Oh, Dan, you old lobster! But I won't allow it — not for a moment! I wish I had something to throw at your head! You clear right out of here now, and pack your trunk, and leave by the next train!"

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Todd.

The wrangle lasted for some time. Grannis pleaded the cause of Todd's mother and father; he drew a dismal picture of their feelings. But Todd was immovable.

"When they understand it, they'll be glad to have me stay."

"Of course, your staying will make all the difference in the world to me, Dan. It's the nicest thing I ever knew a fellow to do — and I believe you're the only fellow that would do it."

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“I know one other that would,” said Todd sturdily.

And then they both veered away from sentiment. Todd expressed his terror at the idea of taking his meals at the rectory, and Grannis begged him facetiously to try to sneak him a little of the rectory food. They talked for a while, and then Todd asked Grannis if he might read to him. From one story of Kipling’s he went on to another. “Say, this man is all right,” Todd announced with the enthusiasm of discovery, after he had read the third.

“Did n’t you ever read anything of his before?” Grannis asked.

“Oh, sure, one or two high-brow things that were punk, and some talking animal yarns, kid stuff.”

“You’d better give them another try sometime. We can’t have any more now. You’ll soon have to be going to lunch.”

Todd looked at his watch. “Oh, golly, yes. I’d almost rather starve. I know I’ll make an awful ass of myself. There will be nothing but a lot of high-brow talk.”

“In that case, just eat and say nothing,” counseled Grannis. “And don’t come back

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here till about five o'clock. Go skating or do something like that.

Todd protested, but Grannis was firm.

“We can’t be reading and talking all the time. I’m an invalid, you know, and I need some rest. And you’re not an invalid, and you need some exercise. Come back at five and then we’ll go at old Kip again.”

To Todd’s immense relief, lunching at the rectory proved a less formidable ordeal than he had anticipated. Dr. Davenport, his wife, and his daughter displayed no austerity of demeanor whatever; in fact, Mrs. Davenport and Miss Davenport conveyed to Todd in the most pleasing and subtle manner the intimation that they looked on him as a person whom they all knew well and liked very much, and that his sitting at their table was the most natural and customary thing in the world. They offered to take him sleighing after luncheon, and nothing but his bashfulness compelled him to decline the invitation and state that he thought he would go skating instead. Then all the way to the pond he berated himself for what must have appeared an uncouth and ungracious refusal.

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But they did not seem to cherish it against him — no doubt they understood boys better than he imagined. Anyway, they invited him again the next day, and many other times during that vacation. And he came to regard Mrs. Davenport with less awe and more affection, and Miss Davenport with less timorousness and more liking. She was an attractive young woman, just enough older than the oldest boys in the school to be a highly interesting and much admired personage; indeed, the fact that one of the younger and more unpopular masters was quite attentive to her was esteemed by the sixth form as sickening.

Although Todd found the hospitality of the rectory less trying than he had expected, found it even in many ways delightful, he availed himself of it as little as possible. He spent as much time with Grannis as the invalid would allow — always the morning, usually an hour in the late afternoon, and an hour again in the evening. They read and they talked and they made plans — plans about what they would do when Grannis's leg was well, plans about what they would do when they were sixth-formers, plans about what

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they would do when they were at college, plans about what they would do when they were at last grown men, out in the world. In the afternoon Todd found no lack of amusement, on the ice or on the snow, and somewhat to his surprise, it proved not to be solitary amusement. The sons of the various retainers of the school were given unrestricted freedom over the playgrounds in the vacations, and Todd entered into their hockey games and joined their coasting parties. In hockey the son of the school carpenter was quite his match, and so those two usually chose sides and operated against each other with the keenest rivalry and enthusiasm. They became good friends, and Todd, one day toward the end of the vacation, remarked with feeling, "It's a blamed shame, Murph, that we can't have you playing on the Corinthians." Murphy answered enviously, "It must be great, playing in those games."

Although with such diversions the vacation promised to pass far more pleasantly than he had anticipated, there was one day that Todd did not like to think of, one day the approach of which he dreaded; and that was Christmas.

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Grannis, of course, felt even more gloomy about it; he did not even want to talk about it; and anxiety as to the way in which when it arrived it might react on Grannis's spirits accented Todd's depression. On the morning of the 24th, he decided that there was no use trying to evade all reference to the day, and he said, —

“Granny, you know I’m going to have Christmas dinner with you to-morrow.”

“No, you’re not either. You’re going to have a real Christmas dinner over at the rectory.”

“Yes, that, too. I told Mrs. Davenport I wanted to have it with you, and she said that would be all right if I dined at the rectory also in the evening. We’re to have our dinner here at one o’clock — a real one; Mrs. Davenport’s looking out for it herself; — and then at seven I’m to see what I can do with another real dinner.”

“That’s all right, then; of course it will be much more fun for me.”

But he spoke listlessly and Todd looked downcast. Grannis noticed it.

“I’m sorry; I do feel grateful to you, Dan.

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But there's no use trying to pretend — there can't ever be a Merry Christmas for me any more."

Todd pressed his friend's hand in silence. After a while he ventured to speak.

"There's one thing, anyway, I want you to do, Granny, or let me do it for you. That is, hang up your stocking to-night."

"It won't be a bit of use."

"Most likely not," agreed Todd, who had observed a pile of bundles out in the hall. "Still," he added persuasively, "just to make it seem as much like Christmas as you can." He hesitated, and then went on, "I guess your father and mother would like to have you keep Christmas in any way you could."

There was a pause, and Todd had an anguished feeling that perhaps he had gone too far. But he had n't; Grannis looked at him with swimming eyes.

"You're right, Dan; of course that's what they'd want me to do. The more I keep up the old customs — well, maybe the nearer to them I'll be. Drop in this evening and hang up a stocking for me; and if you've dug up something to put in it, as I suspect you have,

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you old lobster, I'll shut my eyes and never once look till the morning."

That afternoon Todd tramped the snow-covered road to the town, two miles away. He came home with his overcoat pockets stuffed with small parcels. It had been a hard afternoon; most of all he had agonized over the question of what to give to Miss Davenport. He had slunk into various shops, hoping to have the solution present itself, and had skulked out again, and finally had decided that there was nothing safer to give a young lady than a book. Then in the bookstore he wavered for half an hour in a nervous anxiety before selecting a popular author's latest novel, in a special holiday binding, with a picture of the heroine on the cover. It was almost as bad trying to decide upon an appropriate and possibly gratifying gift for Mrs. Davenport; he ventured at last upon a small scissors-case, containing several pairs of tiny scissors. As for Dr. Davenport, Todd gave him up in despair. "I'd just get in bad, trying to make him a present," he said to himself. "His family will probably think I'm goat enough as it is."

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For Grannis he purchased a very fine and expensive silk muffler; for Murphy a particularly well-equipped and versatile pocket-knife; for Grannis's nurse at the Infirmary a pair of gloves. Then he set forth upon his return journey to the school. The December darkness shut down upon him while he was on the way; his steps and his spirits flagged. He began to think about home, and to wonder why neither his mother nor his father had written to him. He had thought that they would answer his letter with a telegram; they had not only failed to do so, but they had thus far let his communication lie unacknowledged by letter. No doubt he would find some word from them at his room this evening, or certainly the next morning; they could not, would not let him pass Christmas Day without sending him at least a greeting.

The lights of the school buildings twinkled at last across the snow-clad valley. The cold wind blew keener and colder across the valley, but Todd quickened his steps and pushed on with his usual sanguine hopefulness reawakening and singing in his heart. There was Grannis, waiting and watching for him; what fun

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to fill his stocking and pile his presents round his bed! There was his own little room on the top floor of the Upper School; no doubt he would find letters from home on his table—perhaps packages that must not be opened till Christmas Day.

He went first to his room, but his hope was disappointed. No letters and no packages awaited him. He recovered his spirits quickly. In the morning the postman would surely bring him word from home. It was surely unthinkable that his mother and his father should ignore him on Christmas Day. At Christmas time the mails were liable to be delayed; no doubt that was the reason that he had received no letter.

He hastened cheerfully to the Infirmary, where he entertained Grannis with a humorous account of his afternoon's shopping; then he read to him until it became time to go to the rectory for dinner.

“I'll come in this evening and hang up your stocking and fix up your presents,” he said to Grannis, and Grannis laughed.

“That won't be a long job. I guess you can get them all into one sock.”

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He looked on with twinkling eyes and made jocular remarks when Todd gravely set about the Christmas preparations. Todd moved the armchair close up by Grannis's bed, and then unfurled a full-length stocking — not a sock — which he had brought with him. Unmindful of Grannis's protests and appeals not to emphasize the poverty of his Christmas by exhibiting such a capacious receptacle, Todd pinned it firmly to the back of the chair.

"Now," he said, "you can look on if you want to, but you're not to touch anything until to-morrow morning."

Thereupon he went out of the room and in a moment returned with his arms full of bundles. Grannis stared incredulously.

"Those are n't all for me!"

"They certainly are."

Todd distributed the larger ones about the chair, slipped the smaller ones inside the stocking, and then disappeared again. And in a moment again he returned, bringing another armful of bundles.

"This is a joke," said Grannis.

"Maybe," said Todd. "I don't know any-

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thing about that.” And he proceeded to arrange those bundles as he had done the others.

He made a third trip and a fourth, and by that time the big chair was fairly buried, bulky parcels were spilled over on the floor, the stocking was swollen and lumpy and from the top of it packages protruded. Grannis, who had looked on in increasing speechlessness, said at last:—

“I don’t believe a word of it.”

“I would n’t,” Todd answered sympathetically. “I’d go to sleep. Most likely when you wake up in the morning there won’t be anything there.”

“Some of them are yours, are n’t they, Dan?”

“No, honest, not one!”

“If they are n’t they ought to be. That’s a queer looking bundle. What do you suppose that is?”

“Don’t you touch anything till to-morrow morning!” Todd took Grannis’s hand and carefully put it back under the bedclothes. “I’ll be here right after breakfast to help you undo the things if you want me.”

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“Of course I want you. I won’t open anything till you come.”

“All right, then. Good-night — and Merry Christmas, Granny.”

“Good-night, Dan. Merry Christmas!”

CHAPTER XIV

GRANNIS FEELS THE WORLD IS PRETTY GOOD

TODD slept soundly; when he awoke and reached for his watch he found it was within fifteen minutes of the rectory breakfast hour. He sprang from bed and hurried into his clothes, but without any of the eager excitement that had always heretofore attended his rising on Christmas morning. It was n't going to be much of a Christmas; even the day was gloomy.

He went by the Infirmary on the run, glancing at Grannis's windows and wondering whether he had already begun to open his presents. When he arrived at the rectory he found the family just going to breakfast; they greeted him cordially and rallied him a little on being so unenthusiastic as to oversleep on Christmas. "But we were going to wait for you before going in to our tree," said Miss Davenport.

The "tree" proved to be a very tiny one,

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indeed; it was about six inches high and grew in a small flower-pot, but it was decorated for all it was worth; the rector quite gravely lighted its two small candles. "And now," he said, "we will see what Santa Claus has brought us."

"This is your chair, Dan," said Mrs. Davenport.

Todd flushed with pleasure and gratitude; the chair, even if not so well endowed as the others, bore a goodly number of parcels. He hadn't expected to be remembered so generously, and he fell to opening his presents with eagerness. There were books from the rector, and a scarf-pin from Mrs. Davenport, and a knitted necktie from her daughter, and a handsomely fitted traveling-case from Grannis; Todd, who had been making little awkward pilgrimages of thanks about the room, now bore this around in astonishment and admiration—"Just see what Grannis gave me, Mrs. Davenport! Wasn't it nice of him! How do you suppose he managed it?" And then it appeared that Mrs. Davenport had herself given Grannis the opportunity to commission her to do a little Christmas shopping

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for him—and this had been the principal result. Accompanying a copy of the "Lays of Ancient Rome" Todd found a card with a message that gave him a special pleasure—"A Merry Christmas to one who deserves it, from Henry Dean." He slipped the card into his pocket; he was n't going to let any one see that.

He continued to make discoveries—more books from Dr. Davenport; a dozen fine handkerchiefs with his initials embroidered in the corner, from Mrs. Davenport; a fountain pen from Miss Davenport; again he had to make his little pilgrimages, more awkward and embarrassed than before.

Then in a climax of awkwardness and embarrassment he produced the gifts that he had purchased, and handed the book to Miss Davenport, the scissors-case to her mother. He did not wait to see the packages opened, to observe the effect produced; he explained that Grannis had wanted him to come in right after breakfast, and then he fled, bearing his presents with him.

"Granny, you lobster!" he cried, bursting into the invalid's room and flourishing the

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traveling-case about his head. "Merry Christmas! Is n't it a peach! You old lobster!"

"Lobster yourself!" retorted Grannis, exhibiting his new muffler. "Thanks ever so much, Dan. — Just look at the things I've got. And I have n't opened half of them yet!"

He began to show them to Todd, one by one, telling him from whom each article came. There were books and cuff-buttons and silk socks and scarf-pins and neckties and desk-blotters and gloves — and, as Grannis said, he had n't yet opened half the bundles! Crashaw had remembered him, had sent him the "Idylls of the King"; Quintard had sent him the cuff-links; the silk socks were from Brewster — was n't it wonderful of the fellows to have thought of him — to have been so generous! Such nice notes as they had sent him, too! — and he read to Todd some of the messages on the cards.

Todd shared Grannis's enthusiasm, handed him packages to open, looked on eagerly as the things emerged from their wrappings, asked impatiently, "Who's it from, Granny — who's it from?" It made him almost homesick for the company of the fellows when

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Grannis mentioned their names. And he could not help having a little feeling of jealousy because they had all sent presents to Grannis and none to him. Yet, as he at once said to himself, they could n't have sent him anything because they none of them had the least idea that he was staying on at the school. Perhaps if they had known that, he might have got almost as many things as Grannis. Not really as many, for, as he said after a time,—

“Granny, you know I think you're the most popular fellow in St. Timothy's.”

“Oh, rot! The fellows are being nice to me because they feel sorry for me, that's all.”

“Oh, they'd be nice to anybody in your position, but just the same nobody else would be remembered by quite so many.”

“You would.”

Todd laughed. “I guess not. I tell you what, though, the rector and his family have been mighty good to me.”

“Me, too; you have n't anything on me there, old top.” Grannis displayed the set of Keats on which, as he expressed it, the Davenports had “collaborated.”

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“Gee! They knew better than to give me any high-brow stuff like that,” said Todd.

He continued to inspect Grannis’s presents, to admire and to exclaim. Finally, when they were all opened, he gathered up the wrappings and carried them out of the room, and then under Grannis’s directions arranged and rearranged the gifts in the manner most favorable for affording a feast to the invalid’s eyes. He kept glancing out of the window, and finally Grannis said,—

“What are you looking at, Dan?”

“Nothing. Going to be a fine day, after all, is n’t it?”

He was watching for the postman to come driving down the road in his sleigh, but he did not like to admit this to his friend.

“I guess I’ll write to some of the fellows,” said Grannis. “It will take me some time to acknowledge all these presents. I’d better start right in.”

Todd arranged the pillows behind him, filled his new fountain pen,— a present from Belknap,— brought him notepaper and a board to write on, and then sat down by the window with a book. There ensued a period

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of quiet, during which Todd listened for the sound of sleighbells and his eyes strayed often to the road.

And at last he heard the sound for which he waited and saw the postman in his cutter come gayly over the top of the hill — saw the packages and bundles that were built up about him and protruded from all quarters of the sleigh. Todd jumped up and said, “Be back in a few moments, Granny.” Then, jamming his cap on his head, he rushed outdoors.

When the postman reined in at the rectory gate, Todd was there to meet him. He had been there to meet him every one of the last three mornings. The postman looked at him commiseratingly and shook his head. “Nothing to-day.”

“Are you sure?” Todd asked. “There surely must be a letter.”

The postman good-naturedly ran through the pile of mail. “No, not a thing. Mails are delayed a good bit this week, you know. You’ll probably get whatever you’re expecting tomorrow.”

“I guess so,” Todd answered cheerfully, and walked away.

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He could not at once go back to the Infirmary and face Grannis; he felt disappointed and wounded beyond belief. There had been plenty of time for his mother and father to send some word to him, no matter what the delay in the mails. He didn't feel so badly at the failure to receive Christmas presents from them, but not to receive a Christmas greeting — ! It was too incredible. He was sure that something must have happened, and then he was sure that nothing could have happened, for in that case a telegram would have reached him.

He walked soberly along the road, and then, remembering suddenly that he had the knife for Murphy in his pocket, he turned up the lane to the carpenter's cottage.

It was Jack Murphy who opened the door and said, "Hello, Todd! Merry Christmas!"

"Same to you, Murph. Going to have a little hockey this afternoon?"

"Sure. Come in, won't you?"

So Todd went in and was introduced to Mrs. Murphy and the two older sisters and admired the tree, which was a full-sized tree and well bedecked with glittering and glis-

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tening ornaments. He took the little package out of his pocket and tied it to one of the branches, and then, while Murphy was still uttering pleased protests, he made off with the reminder, "See you at the pond later, Murph."

The sun had come out, the air was keen and bracing, the snow-fields sparkled, the ponds lay sheeted over with black ice, the coasts down the hillsides were smooth and clean. There could n't be a more ideal day for Christmas, and Todd thought how much he could enjoy it if only he had received some word from his family. Again the fear that perhaps some grave event had taken place came over him; he went hastily to the dormitory and looked in at his room to see if any notice of a telegram had been left there. He felt relieved that there was none. Then, with somewhat reluctant steps, for he was afraid of Grannis's questions, he took his way back to Grannis's room.

Grannis, who from his bed had seen the postman's sleigh and had connected Todd's sudden disappearance with its coming, knew instantly from his friend's face that something was wrong. The fact that Todd had told him

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nothing of any news from home made him suspect the cause of the disappointment that was obvious. He tried to divert Todd's mind by telling him that he had already written three letters — one to Crashaw, one to Brewster, and one to Quintard — and that he had let all those fellows know what a sacrifice Todd was making for an invalid's sake.

"You'll get letters from them all in a couple of days, see if you don't," Grannis said shrewdly.

The remark brought forth the confidence that Todd had been too sore and too unhappy to impart.

"I don't care about their letters," he said gloomily, "if only I might hear from home."

And then he told Grannis what Grannis had already suspected — how he had been waiting and watching for news from his mother or his father, how he had been sure that on Christmas Day it would come, and how he had looked for it in vain.

"Of course," Grannis said, "it's just as the postman told you; the mails are delayed. Why don't you send a telegram, if you feel uneasy, and ask for an answer?"

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“I believe I will. I’ll wait till noon anyway. Want me to read to you, Granny?”

“Yes, I’ve had about enough of writing notes. Let’s have some Kipling.”

So Todd took up his accustomed seat by the window and began “The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes,” and presently reader and listener were equally absorbed in that fascinating tale. Along about the middle Todd paused as he usually did when anything interested him very much, drew a long breath, looked up and said, “Gee, Granny, how do you think it’s coming out?”

“Have n’t the least idea; go on, go on,” replied Grannis impatiently.

Todd, glancing out of the window, saw a sleigh drive down the avenue to the school and draw up in front of the dormitory.

“Go on; what are you looking at?” clamored Grannis.

Todd made no answer, continued to gaze, and then, without a word, dropped the book and ran from the room.

Grannis was amazed and annoyed. “What the deuce! What did he see anyway?” Twisting his head and looking out of the window,

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Grannis could see nothing extraordinary. "If there's a fire somewhere, he might have told me."

A few minutes passed, and still Todd did not return. Grannis eyed the book, which had fallen quite out of his reach. "By George, I can't wait any longer," he decided, and he rang his bell. When the nurse appeared, he said, "Miss Norris, would you mind handing me that Kipling book, there on that chair?"

And soon he was speeding along from the point in the story where Todd had left off.

But he was destined not to finish the tale that morning. He had not got very far with it when Todd came in, his face shining, his eyes sparkling, his mouth spread in its broadest grin.

"There are some visitors that want to see you, Granny," he said.

"Who? Dr. and Mrs. Davenport? Wait till I get my hair brushed and — "

"Oh, you'll do just as you are." And in spite of Grannis's violent gestures of protest, Todd, still with his broad grin, went to the door and said, "All right, he's ready for you."

Then with the silken rustle of skirts and

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diffusing the cool smell of rich and ample furs, Mrs. Todd entered, followed by her husband. She came forward with both hands outstretched, a smile that was eager and compassionate on her good-natured face, and exclaimed,—

“Alfred, you poor boy!” and she stooped and kissed him. “Well, now, we are going to see that you have some kind of a Merry Christmas, Mr. Todd and Daniel and I.”

“That’s right, too,” said Mr. Todd, possessing himself of Grannis’s hand and giving it a hearty squeeze.

For a moment Grannis was speechless. Then he found his voice.

“Oh, I’m so glad you’ve come! Oh, Dan, isn’t it great!”

“It certainly is,” Todd beamed impartially on Grannis and his parents.

“Well, I must tell you, Alfred.” Mrs. Todd in a comfortable, leisurely way disposed herself in the large armchair and proceeded with her narrative, while her husband stood in the window and looked now and then at his watch. “When I got Daniel’s letter, of course we felt awfully, Mr. Todd and I, for both you and him. I said to Mr. Todd that it did n’t seem

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as if I could bear it, not having Daniel at home on Christmas, and Mr. Todd agreed with me that he did n't know as he could bear it either. But we both felt Daniel was doing the right thing, staying by you, and at last I said to Mr. Todd that I felt I just must come on and make what Christmas I could for you two boys. And he decided then that he must come, too. So we got in just this morning."

"If you knew how Dan has been watching the mails!" said Grannis. "And how disappointed he was each day not to hear from you! Better than letters or telegrams, is n't it, Dan?"

"It was Mr. Todd's idea that we should make it a surprise party. If it had n't been for his urging, I don't believe I could have held out; I did want so to send Daniel some word!"

"Much better to take him by surprise," pronounced Mr. Todd. "Much better. It's high time the man was arriving with the trunk — high time." He snapped the cover of his watch impatiently.

"We could n't get the trunk on our sleigh, so we left it to be sent out," Mrs. Todd ex-

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plained. "You see, there are things in it—I made up my mind you boys should have a real Christmas dinner and I've brought you a plum pudding and two mince pies, all the way from Ohio, because I knew you could n't get as good ones here. I've carried them in this bag; I've hardly let even Mr. Todd touch it. Now I've got some other things in this bag for you, too."

She rummaged for a moment and produced two small parcels, one of which she bestowed on Grannis, the other on her son. The two boys opened them simultaneously and discovered two red morocco leather cases, and inside these they found two gold watches, exactly alike. Mrs. Todd waved away Grannis's thanks.

"I did n't know whether you had a nice watch or not. I knew Daniel had n't; Mr. Todd and I have always been meaning to give him one as soon as he should get old enough. And I felt the time had come, and I said to myself that I'd give Alfred a watch just like Daniel's; I thought that even if you already had one, you could carry a second; Mr. Todd has a friend who always carries four."

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“Yes. Kind of a mania with him,” interjected Mr. Todd, and he again looked at his own watch.

“I had only an old turnip,” said Grannis. “It makes a noise like an alarm clock. This is the most splendid present I ever had given me, Mrs. Todd.”

“It’s all right, that’s what it is!” Todd kissed his mother enthusiastically, and then closed and opened and closed and opened his watch, as Grannis observed, in exactly his father’s manner.

At this point, Mr. Todd, who was still looking out of the window, exclaimed, “Oh, here it comes at last!” and consulted his time-piece. “It’s taken them just an hour and a quarter! Run out, Daniel, and tell the man to bring it in here—that is, if you don’t mind having a trunk in your room for a short time?” he added, turning to Grannis.

“No, indeed,” Grannis answered. And presently Todd and the driver entered bringing the trunk between them.

“Just wait around outside,” Mr. Todd said to the driver. “You can take it in to the hotel for us in a few minutes.”

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And soon Mrs. Todd was taking out more presents for her son and for Grannis — finely embroidered handkerchiefs, silk socks, fur caps, gloves, silver-mounted blotters, ivory-backed hairbrushes; she poured an incredible profusion of things on Grannis's bed. "No," she said in reply to his protests, "I feel that a boy can't ever have too many such things. And if you can't use them all now, you'll be able to in the end. Maybe you can put some of them away to keep for your room in college. And now, Daniel, we must make arrangements to have our Christmas dinner, we four. I talked to them at the hotel in town, just before driving out, and they'll send out a complete dinner, all cooked, but of course we must arrange to have it warmed up after it gets here. Now you take me to the person in charge of this house, so that I can see about it."

"But, mother, Mrs. Davenport is going to have a Christmas dinner for us — "

"Oh, is she! Well, I must n't spoil her plans. Perhaps you'd better take me to see her right away."

"And I think I had better come also and

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pay my respects to the rector," said Mr. Todd. "But first we must get this trunk out of your way, Alfred."

"Oh, I'm not likely to stub my toe against it," Grannis replied — a witticism that seemed to amuse Mr. Todd extremely.

When the trunk had been removed and the Todd family had departed, Grannis surveyed his heaped-up new possessions. "I feel almost like a department store," he thought, and then at once repented of a thought that might seem to imply any disparagement of the kindness of his friends. Their lavish generosity touched him, their simplicity and warmth of heart inspired his affection; he felt truly, as he had exclaimed to Todd, "so glad they had come!"

Presently they returned; Mrs. Todd was bustling and buoyant. "It's all arranged," she announced. "Mrs. Davenport was quite willing that we should go ahead with our plans. So now I must have a talk with the cook and telephone to the hotel and arrange to have a table brought in here. I shall be very busy." She turned to the nurse who had just entered and with whom she had already established

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friendly relations. "Perhaps Miss Norris will help me."

Miss Norris expressed her willingness, and Mrs. Todd began to lay aside hat and furs and to prepare for action.

"What time is this feast to come off?" asked Mr. Todd.

"At one o'clock; I'm going to impress it on those hotel people now that they must deliver those things at once."

Mr. Todd consulted his watch. "It's half-past eleven; I'll have time to go out and stretch my legs. Want to come along, Daniel?"

Todd looked at Grannis. "Unless you want me for something, Granny?"

"No, thanks. I'm going to write some more letters."

The task was pleasantly interrupted, from time to time, by the entrance of Mrs. Todd and Miss Norris to lay the tablecloth, to set out dishes, to arrange table decorations. Dr. and Mrs. Davenport and their daughter came in to give Grannis a Christmas greeting; they expressed their astonishment at the presents and the preparations, and received from Mrs. Todd a cordial invitation to stay for the feast.

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This they felt compelled to decline; but they reminded Mrs. Todd that Daniel was counting on two Christmas dinners and suggested that now the second would not seem like a Christmas dinner for him unless his family attended it — an argument which Mrs. Todd found it impossible to resist.

The Davenports had gone when Todd and his father returned from their walk, Todd ruddy-faced and proclaiming his hunger, his father less vociferous on the subject, but nevertheless consulting his watch with impatient frequency.

At last Mrs. Todd and Miss Norris returned from an excursion to the kitchen; and Mrs. Todd announced that they might all sit down — all except Grannis, who was already sitting up, with his tray on his lap. Miss Norris had contributed a scarlet poinsettia, one of her Christmas presents, to adorn the center of the table; the feast began and proceeded with great hilarity. And at the end Grannis sighed, unable to eat any more plum pudding or mince pie: — “the best ever!” he declared to Mrs. Todd, who responded with gratified pride, “I thought you’d say that.”

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Soon the room was cleared; Todd announced that he must go to keep his hockey "date" with Murphy; his father and mother took a sleigh back to the hotel. "Oh, we shall see you often again," Mrs. Todd said to Grannis before leaving. "Mr. Todd's having a vacation from his business; we shall be here for a week or more."

After they had gone and Miss Norris had put the books that he wanted within his reach and had then left the room, he felt pleasantly comatose; in fact, he fell asleep. When he awoke, it was dark. He lay for a while in the darkness, thinking about the day that had turned out to be so much happier and brighter than he had anticipated — happier and brighter for Todd as well as for himself; the change in the expression of Todd's face since the morning had been wonderful.

He turned on the light and took up one of his new books, but he had not got beyond looking at the pictures when Todd came in.

"Just on my way to get togged out for dinner number two," Todd said. "I wish you could be there, Granny."

"I don't feel the need of it," Grannis an-

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swered. "And there's plenty of that plum pudding left."

"I was n't thinking of just the food. I wanted you to have all the fun."

"I've had really a wonderful Christmas. And it was your staying on here that made it that, Dan."

Todd's pleasure at the words shone in his eyes. And for a time after he had gone, while Grannis continued to turn the pages of his book, it was Todd's happy smiling face that he saw and that made him feel that the world was pretty good.

CHAPTER XV

BLODGETT AGAIN

WITH Christmas out of the way, the vacation moved slowly to its close. Mr. and Mrs. Todd stayed in town at the hotel for a week, and made daily visits to the School; they came in to see Grannis every morning, and on each visit Mrs. Todd brought him something — oranges or grapes or candy or cologne for his handkerchiefs. His affection for the kind and lavish lady increased as he came to know her better; so also did his liking for her good-natured and always restless husband. And when they came to bid him good-bye Mrs. Todd bent over the bed and kissed him; she said, "I feel about you, Alfred, almost as if you were my own boy." He answered, "You 've been awfully good to me, Mrs. Todd."

Todd accompanied his parents to the station and saw them off on the train; when he came back to Grannis's room, he was rather subdued, and for twenty-four hours both boys

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were a little forlorn. But, as they agreed, it was n't anything like as bad as if Mr. and Mrs. Todd had n't come at all. "And it is n't so long now until the Easter vacation," Todd said cheerfully. "And then you'll have to stop off and make us a visit, Granny—you'll just have to."

The day after Mr. and Mrs. Todd departed, Mr. Dean returned to the school. With him, through Grannis, Todd found himself growing into a strange intimacy. Mr. Dean used to come daily and sit with the boys, sometimes to read aloud, sometimes to talk. And when he talked, it was not as the Dryasdust that Todd had conceived him, but as one who knew the world, who had traveled into nearly all countries and met innumerable interesting persons. He talked to the boys of politics, and his talk was clear and enlightening; he told them of the plays that he had seen in New York, and discussed with them the books that they were reading; sometimes he went back to those early days when he had been a boy at St. Timothy's. Whatever the subject, he brought to it a geniality and a sympathy sure to win the listener; Todd thought of the folly and

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stupidity of his own early attitude toward Mr. Dean.

Other masters came back before the end of the vacation, among them young Mr. Lewis, whose attentions to Miss Davenport the sixth form so bitterly resented. Todd reported to Grannis that Mr. Lewis dined at the rectory every night; both boys speculated gloomily as to the significance of such proceedings. The weeks as they went by, however, were marred by no announcement of any untoward event; and young Mr. Lewis's probable hopes and despairs continued to be a theme of unsympathetic discussion.

On the last day of the vacation Grannis was assisted by Todd and Dr. Vincent to move from his bed to a chair. A week after the opening of the term he was going about on crutches; he left the Infirmary with no regret and took up his quarters again in the dormitory. The mending process that was going on in his leg was rapid; soon he was able to discard his crutches entirely. But he could not take part in any more hockey games that winter; he had to stand at the edge of the rink and see the Pythian team beaten in the final contest.

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by a score of five to three; Todd scored four of the Corinthians' goals.

It was not through his prowess at hockey, however, that Todd had gained the respect and liking of the community. Among the older boys there was not one who had failed to hear from some source or other the story of Todd's devotion through the holidays; and there was not one who refused the tribute of admiration for such self-sacrifice. His early bumptiousness and assertiveness had disappeared and were forgotten. In the fifth form he was as popular as Grannis himself, and after the hockey victory over St. John's, to which he and Crashaw chiefly contributed, the eyes of Lower Scholars followed him worshipfully wherever he walked.

The winter drew to an end; even before the Easter vacation arrived, the sports and games of spring were summoning their eager devotees. No sooner had the ice broken up than the crew candidates were out rowing on the ponds; even before the winds of March had ceased to blow, a few zealous bare-legged runners made their appearance on the track; on the first sunny day in April balls were flying back

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and forth along the roads, and on the still oozy field behind the Upper School a coatless squad engaged in a game of scrub. Both Todd and Grannis, whose leg was now sound and strong, took part in that game; afterwards, as they walked up to the dormitory together, Todd said,—

“Do you remember what I said to you one day last autumn, Granny?”

“About what?”

“Playing ball.”

| “No, I seem to have forgotten.”

“I made the remark when I had an awful swelled head. Just the same, I meant it then — and I mean it now. Let’s you and me be the battery on the St. Timothy’s nine, Granny.”

“If we could be just by speaking for it!”
Grannis laughed.

“We can be if we work for it. I can tell by the way you curved the ball over the plate to-day that you can pitch. And honestly, though I suppose it sounds like old times for me to say it, I believe I’m as good a backstop as Joe Stewart.”

“That’s all right, but I don’t see how we’re to work together. You’re a Corinthian and

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I'm a Pythian — I never could understand why you wanted to join that bum club!"

"You and one or two others are about all the Pythians can show — and that's saying little enough! — But really, Granny, we can get a lot of practice together before the nines are picked. Then, if our chance does come, we'll be ready for it. If you'll only make me a week's visit during the Easter vacation, we can do a lot of good work together."

So it was arranged; of the two weeks of the vacation Grannis spent one with his grandmother in Milwaukee, the other with the Todds in the Ohio town where they were by far the most important factors. And every day, although the weather was for the most part raw and cold, Todd and Grannis would have battery practice; when it rained, they held it in the big barn. "Take it easy at the beginning," Todd advised. "Don't lame your arm. What we want to do is to get you so that you have perfect control."

Mrs. Todd declared that she had never before seen two boys so daft on the subject of baseball. If they went for a day's picnic in the automobile, they took a ball with them.

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Todd permitted no engagements to be made which would prevent the daily practice. "You'll be glad enough, perhaps, that we worked this way," he said to his mother, "if you and father come on to the St. John's game."

"You must n't count so, Dan, on our being the battery," cautioned Grannis. "You may have a frightful disappointment."

"You always get a thing if you work hard enough for it," was Todd's optimistic response.

But in this case industry was its own reward. Although Grannis and Todd continued to practice after they returned to St. Timothy's, although Grannis won his place as pitcher on the Pythian nine and Todd was chosen as catcher for the Corinthians, and although each one acquitted himself with credit in his position, the battery for the school team when finally announced by Mr. Randolph, the coach, and Keating, the captain, proved to be Lawrence and Todd, not Grannis and Todd. Lawrence, who was a sixth-former, had been the Corinthian pitcher; the Corinthians had won the series from the Pythians, in spite of Grannis's good pitching; Mr. Ran-

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dolph and Keating both felt that, though between Lawrence and Grannis there was not much to choose, the sixth-former had a little more speed and just as good curves. Besides, Lawrence and Todd had worked so well together in practice and in the games that the coach and the captain had no reason to believe that Grannis and Todd might work still better.

To Todd the selection was an even greater disappointment than to Grannis.

“You’ve had such bad luck all the year,” he lamented. “First it was the tennis championship, that you ought to have won; then it was football, when you sacrificed your chance for me —”

“I got my chance in spite of it,” Grannis reminded him.

“Yes, I know, and it was a lucky thing for me that you did. Still you had only a minute or so of fun when you might have had an hour and a half of it. And it was the same way in hockey. You had hardly got started when I had to bang into you and smash your leg and put you out for the season. And now here it is again in baseball; you and I had it all worked up so splendidly, and at the last

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moment it's you that has to warm the bench, and Fred Lawrence is the one that gets the game and glory."

"I guess he deserves it. Besides, it's his last year here, and I shall have another chance next year."

Todd, however, remained for some days unconsoled. During the practice he often cast wistful glances at Grannis; and he never was quite so lively and brisk as when the substitute pitcher was given his turn in the box. "Oh, I *know* you can outpitch Lawrence, Granny," he would frequently murmur in his friend's ear. But discipline forbade him to go about murmuring that opinion to others; he could not spread disaffection in the team.

"I should n't be surprised if we ran into some rough work," Crashaw remarked to Todd a few days before the game. "You remember your old friend Blodgett?"

"I'm not likely to forget him."

"He's the St. John's catcher."

"That's good. What's his specialty in baseball?"

"I don't know," said Crashaw. "But I

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should n't wonder if it was something besides catching."

"Well, whatever it is this time I won't let it *be* catching," replied Todd; and Crashaw laughed and said, "I guess that's right."

The 3d of June was the day set for the game with St. John's — a day awaited with eagerness and anxiety, not merely by the nine but by the whole school. For it was to be a holiday, and they were all to journey in the morning to the town which was notable — or to be commiserated — as the seat of St. John's School; and there they were to lunch at the hotel, and afterwards they were to march to the St. John's grounds. And if it should be a rainy day, how dismal! Rainy days at St. Timothy's were bad enough, but a rainy day at St. John's must be unspeakable!

So all were happy on the morning of the 3d to find the sun shining and northwest breezes blowing. In the barges that transported the boys from the school to the station there was singing and shouting, hearts were gay and spirits were high; impending examinations were forgotten, so also were petty jealousies and animosities; the day was one

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of blithe adventure and no boy was so lonely but that he had a comrade for it. The creaking and rumble of the wheels beneath them were as pleasant to their ears as the singing of the birds in the trees; the unfurling of the dust behind them was as enlivening to their eyes as the sunlight on the meadows — for these were signs and symbols of the escape from routine.

The boys made the two hours' railway journey in a special train; the nine and the substitutes had a car to themselves. Todd and Grannis sat together. Once during the trip Mr. Randolph, the coach, came and perched on the arm of their seat.

“Wing feeling pretty good?” he said to Grannis.

“First-rate,” Grannis answered.

“We may call on it before the game is over. If Lawrence seems to be getting into difficulties, we'll turn to you. I'm not sure that he can go at full speed through nine innings.”

“I'll try to be ready if I'm called on,” said Grannis.

“That's right. And don't be disappointed if you're not called on,” replied the master.

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After he had gone, Todd said to Grannis, "Mr. Randolph's pretty keen. He thinks Lawrence is n't going to last. That's just what I've been thinking."

"Why?"

"He's got down to too fine an edge. I've been watching him. He's going in to pitch this game on his nerve."

Grannis glanced up the aisle with a fresh interest in the back of Lawrence's head, but failed to discover in it any indication of weakness.

"I think he'll last all right."

Todd shrugged his shoulders.

It was half-past twelve when the train reached its destination. The boys tumbled out upon the platform, swarmed up the road to the new hotel, and took possession of the dining-room. The nine and the substitutes had two tables to themselves and ate sparingly, under Mr. Randolph's supervision; they left the room soon after one o'clock. Mr. Randolph led them into the parlor and said, "Now for fifteen minutes I want you all to sit down and relax. Tom Ward here will play the piano, and if any of you want to sing you can."

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Pretty soon Ward had them all singing the St. Timothy's song; he turned from that to other popular airs that most of the fellows knew; that quarter of an hour was filled with gayety. So when it was time to go out and mount into the barges, there was no undue weight of solemnity on any heart.

It was a short drive from the hotel to the school; when the boys passed through the St. John's gateway and entered the pleasant grounds, there was a great outpouring of boys from all the buildings; they gathered in the middle of the quadrangle and gave a hospitable, welcoming cheer for St. Timothy's; and then Keating, standing up on a seat, invoked a cheer for St. John's. It had hardly been finished when Dracut, the St. John's captain, scrambled up on the barge, shook hands with Keating, and offered him and his nine the freedom of the field and the athletic house. "We'll be with you soon," he said, and then he jumped down and the St. Timothy's barges trundled away to the ball-ground.

There within a few minutes the nine in uniform were engaged in lively fielding practice, with pretty much all of St. John's School

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looking on. But it was not long that the players had to perform before a hostile throng: the marching host of St. Timothy's, bearing red banners and singing the school song, made its appearance and moved grandly out upon the field. It established itself along the third base line, the St. John's spectators took up their position behind first base, and back and forth across the diamond swept the rival cheers.

Presently the St. Timothy's nine came in from practice, and the home team had its turn. Soon Lawrence took off his sweater and, standing in front of the St. Timothy's bench, began to "warm up," pitching to Todd. Grannis, sitting on the bench, felt cold with excitement. He watched Lawrence closely; the pitcher, chewing gum in a relentless and insatiable manner, seemed quite devoid of emotion. Grannis was sure that both Mr. Randolph and Todd had misjudged him.

The umpire summoned the two captains, Keating for St. Timothy's, Dracut for St. John's. Keating won the toss of the coin and chose the field.

Rand, the St. John's shortstop, was the first to bat. He hit a slow grounder to Crashaw,

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at second base, and was easily thrown out. Carrington, the left fielder, was given his base on balls, and St. John's shouted. Mr. Randolph, sitting on the players' bench, watched Lawrence closely. But the pitcher showed no further indications of unsteadiness; Dracut sent up a pop fly to Brewster at short, and Todd thumped his mitt with his fist and joined the other members of the team in crying, "That's the boy, Lawrence, old man, that's the boy."

Blodgett came forward to bat. Before he settled himself at the plate he glanced at Todd and said satirically, "Here we are again! Hang on to yourself this time, old top."

Todd glared through his catcher's mask, but hung on to himself to the extent that he made no retort. When Lawrence put the ball over the plate for a strike, Todd did not conceal his exultation. "That's the boy!" he cried. "Two more just like it!"

But Blodgett was not to be struck out. He was St. John's heavy hitter; he picked out a good ball and drove it far and high between left field and center. St. John's shouted, but a moment later it was St. Timothy's that screamed and whooped and whistled. Out in

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left field the young fourth-former, Willard, who was notoriously weak at the bat but had been given his place because of his skill in pulling down difficult flies, justified the coach's choice; the running catch that he made toppled him from his feet, and he rolled over and over, but came up holding the ball. Crashaw and Brewster escorted him in to the bench, clapping him on the back and exclaiming, "Good kid! Great work!" and he grinned from ear to ear and ducked his head sheepishly to the wild ovation from the St. Timothy's crowd.

Perhaps it was his performance that imparted vigor and confidence to the onslaught which St. Timothy's immediately began. Brewster wasted no time, but on the first ball singled cleanly to right field. Keating made an orthodox sacrifice, bunting the ball along the first base line and being thrown out while Brewster went to second. Todd came up to bat and as he settled himself in place heard from behind him, muttered in jeering tones, "Mind what I told you, old top!" The first ball was wide, and Todd, turning, glared at Blodgett; when he again faced the pitcher, his chin seemed to stick out a little more than

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usual. A strike was called on him. "You're yellow, all right," muttered Blodgett. The next moment Todd had his revenge; he hit the ball on a line over the pitcher's head and out to center field. While the center-fielder tried unsuccessfully to throw Brewster out at the plate, Todd sprinted to second. Then Crashaw, with a two-base hit along the left field foul line, brought Todd home. Crashaw himself got no farther; both Cooper and Ridgely went out on infield flies. But a lead of two runs after the first inning gave St. Timothy's a very comfortable, satisfied, and cheerful feeling, and the nine took the field in high spirits.

For the next two innings Lawrence held St. John's scoreless; the only hit made off him in the first three innings was a scratch infield hit along the third base line. In the last half of the third inning Keating hit to shortstop and got his base on a wild throw. Then Todd, getting the signal for the run and hit play, drove a grounder straight at the second baseman, who, in his eagerness to make a double play, fumbled the ball; both runners were safe. Crashaw, amidst the shouts of St. Timo-

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thy's, came to bat and improved upon his previous achievement; he sent both right fielder and center-fielder chasing his long hit and slid safely to third, having driven two more runs across the plate.

"Now look for their pitcher to go up in the air!" Morse on the substitutes' bench cried exultantly to Grannis.

But Tewksbury, the St. John's pitcher, did no such thing. He was a big rangy fellow, phlegmatic, and for that reason prone to make a bad start, but a cool, hard fighter when aroused. With Crashaw on third, he struck out both Cooper and Ridgely, and forced Stevens to send up an easy pop fly.

Nevertheless, it was a rather dispirited St. John's team that came in to bat, and an almost hilarious St. Timothy's team that took the field. Whether the sense of security was disastrous to Lawrence, or whether things would have happened so anyway, the game now took another turn with sudden and surprising violence. Dracut singled to center, and Blodgett followed with a home run, a tremendous hit far over Willard's head, that set all the St. John's following frantic with delight; the

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cheering, yelling, tossing of hats, and leaping about lasted long after Blodgett had crossed the plate.

Mr. Randolph, leaning forward, studied Lawrence intently. Crosby, the St. John's right-fielder, went to bat. "Ball one!" cried the umpire. Mr. Randolph turned to Grannis. "Warm up, Grannis," he said.

With a thrill of eagerness, Grannis took a ball and began to pitch to Stewart, the substitute catcher. Quite possibly the spectacle had no steadyng effect on Lawrence's nerves. He gave Crosby his base on balls. Blodgett, having regained his wind after his home run, now took up a position on the coaching line and began to encourage Tewksbury, who came to bat. "The pitcher's cracked!" he shouted. "He's got nothing any more. All he can put over the plate is straight ones. He's all in. Wait for a straight one."

Tewksbury waited. Three balls were called. Grannis warming up was beginning now to show speed. Lawrence, who had been desperately trying his curves, felt that he must put over the straight ones for which Blodgett was howling in such an infuriating manner. Tewks-

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bury let the first go by. "Strike one!" called the umpire. Todd called for an out curve, but Lawrence shook his head. He did not trust his control; he launched another straight ball with all his might, and with all his might Tewksbury met it. And again in left field Willard turned and ran like a deer; and again along the first base line St. John's shrieked and leaped and shouted; and again two St. John's runners were making the wild circuit of the bases. Tewksbury's home run tied the score and did for Lawrence. Mr. Randolph motioned to Grannis to go in and pitch.

Keating and Todd held a moment's conference with him. "We're behind you, Granny," Keating said. And Todd said, "They're really not much good; Lawrence's nerve broke, and he could n't put anything over but straight ones. Go to it now, Granny."

But it was not encouragement alone that Grannis heard. On the coaching line Blodgett had recognized him.

"That's the gink that pulled off the fluke play in football!" he shouted. "Here's where we get even. He can't pull flukes on us for five innings."

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Grannis shut his ears to the gibes. He fixed his eyes on Todd's sturdy figure; Todd, squatting behind the plate and holding out both hands and thumping a fist into the capacious mitt, inspired him with confidence. The first two batters who faced him went out on easy in-field hits, the third he struck out. The St. Timothy's supporters had recovered from their shock and applauded him as he came in to the bench.

"There are just two men that you've got to look out for," Todd whispered to him while they sat side by side. "Blodgett and Tewksbury. Keep them up about Blodgett's shoulders; he's wicked, the way he hammers a waist-high ball. Tewksbury you can fool on curves, but don't ever give him a straight one."

"I'll remember," said Grannis.

"They're not going to hold even with us long," declared Todd. "Wait till Crashaw gets another crack. "We'll go right after that big pitcher."

But the big pitcher was growing stronger instead of weakening. St. Timothy's went out in one two three order. For St. John's, Beecher made a hit after two men were out; he stole second.

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“Go down to third on the next ball,” cried Blodgett, who was as usual on the coaching line. “The big stiff behind the bat can’t throw.” Then Wilson popped up a fly, and that scare was over.

Inning after inning went by without a score on either side. Tewksbury was now mowing down the heavy hitters of St. Timothy’s as easily as the weak ones. Brewster, Todd, and Crashaw, instead of meeting the ball fairly, sent it spinning high in the air or dribbling for an easy out along the ground. And Blodgett poured a stream of taunting comment into each batter’s ears. In time he succeeded in arousing his opponents to anger—which was, of course, his aim. Anger overstimulated them; under its influence the hard hitters, like Brewster and Todd and Crashaw, began to slug and slam at the ball; others, over-anxious, betrayed a tendency to strike at bad ones.

In the eighth inning Carrington came first to bat for St. John’s. He was a left-handed batter and a speedy runner; he made a clever bunt along the third base line and was safe at first. Dracut, trying to sacrifice, popped a helpless little fly into Grannis’s hands. Then

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Blodgett came forward, and Grannis, mindful of instructions, tried to keep the ball up about his shoulders and over the inside corner of the plate. He got two strikes on his formidable opponent; then Blodgett reached successfully for a high one and poked a low fly into short right field—a scratch hit, but good enough to send Carrington all the way to third, while Blodgett himself reached second. The din on the St. John's side was unnerving and unceasing; victory was in sight, the celebration of it had already begun. Crosby hit a long fly to Willard, whose fine throw to third prevented Blodgett from advancing. Carrington, however, came home, and with the score five to four, St. John's shouted more jubilantly, more ferociously than ever. "Steady, Granny, old boy!" "You're all right, steady now!" These were the cries that reached Grannis's ears, even above the tumult—cries from Keating and Crashaw and Todd.

And he was steady; he closed the inning by striking out Tewksbury. And now it was St. Timothy's last chance, and Grannis was the first man to bat. Before going to the plate he said to Todd, "Don't try to knock a home

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run, Dan, when your turn comes. Blodgett's been getting our goat, trying to make us slug the ball."

He was thinking as he walked slowly to the plate. Tewsbury would let himself out now for all that was in him; the ball would come humming. "I knew you'd crack," was Blodgett's welcoming remark. "You had a kind of a yellow look, first time I ever looked at you."

Grannis shortened his bat and stood motionless. The ball came lightning swift; he chopped at it, and it flew on a line just out of the second baseman's reach. St. Timothy's surged forward in a mighty shout of excitement and exultation, and then became quiet. Brewster fouled two balls, and St. John's shouted. And then Brewster hit a whizzing grounder safely past shortstop, and St. Timothy's had a paroxysm of delight. It was chilled when Keating, trying to drive the ball to the outfield, knocked a little fly that the third baseman caught.

Todd, with his eyes shining fiercely and his chin thrust out, came forward and hammered the plate with his bat. "Here's the slugger," remarked Blodgett. "You slug better in foot-

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ball than in baseball, old top.” Todd gritted his teeth. He let the first ball go by, as too low; “Ball one!” called the umpire. “Good waiting, Todd!” shouted Keating from the coaching line; “wait for a good one.” The second ball Todd struck at and missed; the third he fouled. “Golly, I’m glad it’s you,” said Blodgett. Then Tewksbury served up a slow out-curve that seemed to fade away just outside the plate; it looked so easy that Todd, forgetful of Grannis’s warning, stepped forward and swung with all his might. Fatal was the result; the ball flew high in the air and descended into the second baseman’s waiting hands.

On Crashaw now the last hopes of St. Timothy’s rested; and Crashaw’s face as he stood with his bat motionless over his shoulder was solemn. Tewksbury’s face was solemn, too; Crashaw was the man that he dreaded most—a free, powerful hitter, with no discoverable weakness. The pitcher resolved to try the tactics that had just been so successful; he hurled a swift ball which cut in close to the batter and made him dodge; then with a feint to deliver another swift one he sent a slow,

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delusive curve that was a little wide of the plate. And like Todd, Crashaw stepped out and swung at it; but unlike Todd he hit it fairly, a tremendous drive between center and right field. The eruption of sound from the St. Timothy's side was volcanic; Grannis, Brewster, and Crashaw were all racing round the bases while the St. John's right and center-fielders were in frenzied pursuit of the ball; Grannis came home, Brewster came home, and then the St. Timothy's crowd swarmed out on the diamond, seized upon Crashaw, hugged him, pounded him, and hoisted him high in air. They bore him on their shoulders to the athletic house and then let him go; Quintard mounted the steps and kept them cheering the members of the nine long after the happy heroes had struggled through into the building.

Next to Crashaw, it was Grannis who received the principal congratulations. Everybody wanted to tell him how splendidly he had pitched. Grannis declared that the credit was chiefly due to Todd, who had coached him and directed him and steadied him all through. But when fellows tried to say pleasant and

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appreciative things to Todd, he answered lugubriously, "Oh, what a mutt! Did you see me bite at that easy one?"

Nevertheless, he was very happy and enjoyed being reminded of the effective batting that he had done earlier in the game. He and Grannis had finished dressing when Blodgett came up to them.

"I've got to hand it to you fellows," said Blodgett gruffly. "I thought you were both yellow, but it seems I was wrong. I've got to hand it to you both."

"Thanks," they each said gravely; and they each shook hands with him — which was no doubt what he meant by "handing it" to them.

"There's one thing," he said before turning away; "you won't have Crashaw to win your game for you next year."

"I guess we'll find some one else," retorted Todd.

In the train going home Mr. Dean came up to Grannis and Todd, who were sitting together as usual. "You two fellows," he said, "have given the school a pretty good exhibition of team play."

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“Well,” Todd said, in an effort to speak modestly, “I think we did work together pretty well this afternoon.”

“Oh, this afternoon was just the climax,” replied the master. “It’s been a year of good team play.”

He patted Todd’s shoulder and passed on. Todd glanced at Grannis.

“Pretty good fellow, old Dean,” he remarked.

“Yes, you might say that,” replied Grannis.

CHAPTER XVI

THE END OF THE YEAR

THE last days of the term went quickly by. Crowded with work and crowded with play, they were the best days of the school year. The schedule was rearranged so that the boys could have the full value of the long afternoons. Even the after-supper study hour in the school-room seemed less tedious than usual, with the lively shrilling of crickets and the chorusing of frogs coming in through the open windows, and the thud of blundering June bugs against the screens.

It was not all joy and happiness, however. There was the day of the boat race, when Todd and Grannis stood together on the bank and saw George Robinson's crew come in three lengths behind St. John's. Robinson had to wink back tears afterwards when they tried to express their sympathy and tell him it was n't his fault. It did n't seem right after any athletic contest to have St. John's go yelling and screaming from the scene and

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flaunting their blue flags, while St. Timothy's departed downcast and silent. Yet it happened again a few days later after the track games, where Grannis was once more a spectator of defeat. Todd, with almost no practice, had entered the high hurdles, but failed to win a place. He was so crestfallen about it that Grannis was unable to cheer him. "You've helped lick St. John's in three different things," said Grannis. "What more can you want?" "Well, I did want more," Todd answered. "They're finishing the year feeling as if they'd had nothing but victories. — Listen to them — shouting and yelling around as if they owned the place!" Grannis admitted that it did give one a distinct sense of grievance.

Yet even these disasters, even the harsh necessity of preparing for school examinations and for college-entrance examinations, could not embitter the last days. The spirit of friendship seemed to blossom and flower. Sitting on fences, walking along the roads, coming home through the woods from the swimming-hole, fellows who were friends opened up their hearts to each other. It was the sweetest and

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most wistful time of all the year, preceding a period of change, eagerly anticipated and yet now that it was imminent more than half regretted. Some who had been close friends were to part, never to be intimate again. Others must have their friendship tested under new and strange conditions. For none, not even those who like Todd and Grannis were coming back for another year, could things ever again be just as they had been. The heroes of the year would have passed on; a new school must make for itself new heroes. Even the fellows to whom the daily Chapel service had been most irksome were sobered at the thought that they could now count upon their fingers the remaining times that they were to sit as boys in that Chapel. They went to prayers on these last mornings a little more attentive, a little more subdued.

Grannis and Todd were in such close relations with some of the sixth form that they could not be quite unaware of the emotional significance of the closing days to those who were leaving the school never to return. Todd, who was certainly not imaginative, remarked on one occasion to Grannis, "It's fine to be

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a fifth-former in June, but it must be sort of sad to be a sixth-former."

Except for such comments, however, there was no particular sympathy expressed for the sixth form. Rather were its members more than ever objects of envy on account of the privileges which they enjoyed and which seemed in these fine summer days doubly precious; no schoolroom attendance was exacted of them; they could still be swimming or playing tennis when others were summoned to their tasks. The menace of impending examinations was not great enough to make fellows grow pale and peaked poring over books indoors. Barearmed and hatless on the tennis courts, naked at the swimming-hole, they grew brown of skin, more bleached of hair, keener and brighter of eye — more ready, a good many of them, it must be confessed, to face any examination on what they called "their nerve."

Grannis, who had led his form all the year, had nothing to dread; Todd, who had stumbled along in the middle of the class, was sufficiently apprehensive to be grateful for the coaching that Grannis bestowed upon him.

"If we're ever going to the same college,

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Granny, I guess you'll have to pull me along with you," he remarked dolefully.

"Oh, you don't need any pulling, only some poking and prodding," Grannis answered.

"I'd be sure to get what I need if you would room with me, Granny."

"Fine idea," said Grannis. "I was going to speak if you did n't."

So it happened that on the last afternoon, when the examinations were safely over, Todd and Grannis were busy transporting books and pictures from their quarters on the top floor of the Upper School to the room on the second floor that they were next year to share. It was the room that Crashaw and Keating had occupied together and were now engaged in dismantling; the new tenants purchased at reasonable prices the rug and the cushions on the window-seat and the large armchair.

"You ought to hold an auction," Todd said. "You could get big prices for your stuff, Crashaw,— just for its associations. Lots of fellows would be glad to bid for your desk or your chair."

"That's what I told him," said Keating, with a laugh.

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“Why, sure,” replied Todd earnestly. “Why don’t you do it? It is n’t too late, Crashaw.”

“The idea does n’t appeal to me much,” Crashaw said, rather gruffly. “I’m satisfied with my trade, if you fellows are.”

Todd afterwards expressed to Grannis his astonishment that Crashaw should be so indifferent to an opportunity — so careless about getting the full value out of his possessions. “It’s not good business,” Todd declared.

“It’s sentiment,” said Grannis.

“But it’s not taking account of sentiment; it’s sentiment that would make his things valuable.”

“Yes, but because fellows like him and look up to him and all that — he does n’t want to make them pay for having that sort of feeling.”

“I would. It’s good business.”

Grannis laughed. “I bet you, just the same, that a year from now, when you’re occupying Crashaw’s position in this school, you won’t.”

Todd gave him a shout and a shove, for being so ridiculous. But Grannis had his own quiet little smile at the friend of whom he was

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so fond. Just as Todd had learned that there are times in sport when winning was n't everything, so he would come to know that there were times in life when "good business" was n't everything.

After supper that evening all the boys in the school, from the oldest to the youngest, assembled in the schoolroom for the Last Night exercises. First came the declamation contest; the four candidates who had been selected to meet in this final test of the competition were called to the platform one after another and delivered their selections, each to the enthusiastic applause of the audience. Then after a brief conference Mr. Dean announced the award of the judges and summoned Belknap to receive the prize. After that, with appropriate speeches by different masters, the various scholastic prizes were bestowed — the prizes for the best English composition, for the best botanical collection, for the highest distinction in the classics, for the most learned historical thesis, for the greatest excellence in mathematics.

Then on the table beside the rector's chair there remained but two prizes, one, the small

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silver cup that was annually awarded to the best all-round athlete, the other, the school medal, conferred on the boy who, in the opinion of the masters, had through his character and influence been of the most service to the school. Mr. Randolph rose and after some jocular remarks concerning the qualifications of the all-round athlete, announced that the committee were unanimous in awarding the title and the prize to Edward Crashaw.

That it was a popular decision the storm of applause as Crashaw made his way to the platform attested. Among the enthusiasts none beat their hands together more violently than Grannis and Todd. "I was sure of it!" shrieked Grannis to his friend above the uproar, and Todd shouted back, "Of course — a sure thing!" Crashaw received the prize, and then as he turned, red and smiling, to go back to his seat, the applause swelled and soared, and the whole school rose.

It was some moments before there was anything approaching quiet; but at last the boys sat down and the rector stood up. Then a hush settled over the assemblage. Dr. Davenport began to speak; he told what the school

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had tried to do for its boys, and how well he thought the boys had responded to the efforts of the school; and at last he came to a consideration of the school medal to be given, as he said, to that boy who seemed best to have exemplified the spirit of St. Timothy's. For the first time in a good many years he had seriously contemplated awarding this prize — which had become almost a perquisite of the sixth form — to a fifth-former. "There is one boy in the fifth form," said Dr. Davenport, "whose quiet rightness of conduct and cheerful spirit of self-sacrifice and generous helpfulness have impressed me very much, and, I believe, have made a deep impression on others. Yet I could not give him the prize without overlooking the merit of one who has been here longer and who bears away from St. Timothy's the affection of the whole school. You may think that it shows some lack of originality or initiative on my part not to surprise you a little; it will certainly not surprise you when I name Edward Crashaw."

So they were all up again and shouting this time — shouting "Crashaw! Crashaw!" as they had so often done after football and base-

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ball games — until at last the choirmaster, standing on the platform and spreading out his arms, got control of them and turned their voices into the singing of the St. Timothy's Latin hymn. That closed the exercises; and after it the fellows filed one by one up on the stage and shook hands with the rector and with each of the waiting masters, and then passed out into the warm and moonlit night.

Grannis and Todd walked for a little way without speaking.

"I'm glad," said Todd at last, "that Crashaw did n't have that auction. It would have been a sort of a pity."

"Yes," Grannis answered, "it would."

"I can see some things after a while," Todd said slowly, "but you always see them right off. How do you do it, Granny?"

"I guess I don't do it." Grannis laughed; and it was some moments before Todd again spoke.

"I can't help feeling rather disappointed. I hoped the fifth-former that Dr. Davenport spoke of would get the medal."

"Why? Who was he?" Grannis turned his head in quick interest.

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“I’ll have to take it back, Granny.” Todd put an arm affectionately round Grannis’s neck. “I guess you don’t always see things right off. You were stupid for once. I bet you were the only fellow in the form that did n’t know.”

THE END

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